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## PARTED ONCE.

So we two clasp hands once more, Jamie,  
Though our youth long since has passed;  
And none are by to sever us now—  
Do you mind when we parted last?  
Do you mind the tears we shed, Jamie,  
The tender embrace that clung?  
We can look back now with a pity strange  
On the grief when we were young.

But the burnie that trickled then, Jamie,  
Has grown to a river deep,  
And none can bridge o'er the wide, dark  
gulf.

Where the hopes of childhood sleep,  
The pale ghosts stand on the shore, Jamie,  
And wall o'er what might have been.  
But the world and its waves of greed and  
care  
Too long have rolled between.

They said we were idle bairns, Jamie—  
Too young to meet toil and pain:  
Do you think, in the City of Heaven, we  
two

Shall be children once again?  
And should we have been worse off, Jamie,  
Had we risked that toil and care,  
And learned high lessons of love and faith,  
And helped each other to bear?

There is gold on this withered breast, Jamie,  
And gums in this thin, gray hair:  
But, oh! for the gowans you plucked me  
then,

In my tangled locks to wear!  
You have lands in the far-off East, Jamie,  
And ships on the treacherous sea:  
Ah! who can restore the treasures of youth  
And love to you—or to me?

## THE WHITE SQUAW. A Tale of Florida.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.  
AUTHOR OF THE "PLANTER PIRATE," &c.

### CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

Another step, and horse and rider would  
have suddenly disappeared beneath the sur-  
face of the earth, and for ever.

They were on the brink of one of those  
subterranean wells, or "rinks," common in  
that part of the country, whose dangerous  
concavity is concealed by a light crust of  
earth; and only by the sudden sinking of the  
support beneath him the unwary traveller  
apprised of the peril.

Over the covering of the abyss the grass  
grew as greenly, the flowers bloomed as  
brightly as elsewhere.

And yet under that fair seeming was a  
trap that conducted to death.

In an instant the fair rider comprehended  
her peril.

To advance would be certain death; to  
attempt to back her steed upon its own  
tracks almost as certain destruction.

She knew but one thing to do, and she  
did it.

Gently patting the creature's neck, she  
addressed it in soothing words, whilst with  
a wary hand she held the bridle, her touch  
upon the horse's mouth so delicate that the  
very breeze might have swayed it.

Her hand did not tremble, nor her eye  
quail, although the ruddy tinge upon her  
cheek had altogether disappeared.

After a time the horse seemed to gain  
confidence; his tremor became subdued,  
and, instead of the wild frenzy in his eye,  
there was a dull look, while the foam rose  
to his nostrils, and sweat bathed his limbs.

She continued to caress his neck, and  
soothe him with soft words.

Moving neither up nor down, to right or  
to left, with her delicate hand she still held  
the bridle.

But the danger still threatened.

She saw it as she cast her eyes below.

The ground was crumbling slowly but  
surely beneath the horse's feet, and a fissure  
had already opened wide enough to show the  
deep, black chasm underneath.

She shuddered, closed her eyes for a se-  
cond, and then opened them, only to see the  
fissure widening—the blackness growing  
more intense.

A prayer rose up from her lips.

She waited for the catastrophe!

The tension on the horse's nerves became  
too great.

Again the animal trembled!

Its knees began to yield!

The ground seemed all at once to give  
from beneath its feet!

His rider felt that she was lost!

No—saved!

Just as her closing eyes saw the courage-  
ous animal slide into the black chasm, and  
heard its last snort of her terror, she felt  
herself lifted from the saddle, borne from  
the spot, and then—  
Such as my muscle saved ye from fallin'  
She had fainted!

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

It was Cris Carrol who had rescued the  
fair equestrian.

The old hunter had perceived her danger,  
and, with the quickness of thought, man-  
tered the whole situation.

Without uttering a word, he stealthily ap-  
proached the spot, until reaching a tree,



THE MEETING OF WARREN RODDY AND SANSATA.

one of whose branches extended over the  
horse's head.

To clutch it, spring out on the projecting  
limb, and lift the young lady out of the  
saddle, were acts performed almost instan-  
taneously.

What followed was not so easy.

He had not counted on the feminine weak-  
ness of fainting, and, with the dead weight  
of the swooning girl upon his arm, there  
was still a difficulty as to his future move-  
ments. How was he to get back along the  
limb?

He saw that nothing but sheer strength  
could accomplish it, and accordingly exerted  
all he had.

With one hand grasping the branch, and  
the other around the unconscious form, he  
made a superhuman effort, and succeeded in  
reaching the trunk of the tree. Against this  
he supported himself until he recovered  
breath and strength.

While thus resting, he was witness to the  
engulphing of the gallant steed, as the  
snoring animal sank into the chasm below.

The old hunter heaved a sigh. He was  
sorry for the creature, and would have saved  
it had the thing been possible.

"Wal, if it ain't too bad for a good,  
plucky critter like that to die sich a death!  
Confound them tarmal sink holes! They've  
been the misfortune o' many a one. Thank  
goodness I've saved the feminine."

The "feminine" condition now demand-  
ed his attention, as the temporary faintness  
was passing away, and she showed signs of  
returning animation.

With rare tact and delicacy, the old  
hunter, regardless of his own fatigue, softly  
lowered himself and his fair burden to the  
ground. Then, gently withdrawing his  
arm from her waist, he drew back a step  
or two.

Taking off his seal-skin cap, he wiped the  
perspiration from his brow, and, with the  
gallantry of a true gentleman, waited until  
she should address him.

The young lady he had rescued was no or-  
dinary person.

The faintness which had come upon her  
endured only for a short while.

Recovering consciousness, she understood  
at a glance, not only the nature of the ser-  
vice rendered her, but also the character of  
the man who had rendered it.

"Oh, sir! I'm afraid that you've run a  
fearful risk. I can hardly tell you how  
grateful I am."

"Wal, miss, it war rayther a toughish  
struggle while it lasted. But, bless ye,  
that's nothin' so long as its turned out all  
right. If you'd not been the plucky one  
you sir, nothin' I could ha' done would  
have helped ye. It war your own grit as  
much as my muscle saved ye from fallin'  
into that trap."

"My horse. Where is he?"

"Yur right there, he's gone; poor crit-  
tur. I'd ha' liked to saved him, too, for the  
way he behaved. That dumb crittur had  
more sense in him than many a human; and  
it 'ud ha' done me a sight o' good to have  
pulled him thro'; but it wasn't possible no-  
how."

"Tell me, sir, where did you come from?"

"I did not see you."

"Wal, I war clost by, and seed you ride  
right on to the danger. It war too late to  
holler, for that would only ha' made things  
worse an' scared you both; so I said no-  
thin', but jist dropped my rifle, and made  
tracks toart ye. I spied the branch above  
you, an' speeled up to it. The next war  
nothin'—only a spell o' twistin' an' wrig-  
glin'."

He did not tell her that the muscles of  
his arms were fearfully swollen, and that it  
demanded all his power of endurance to  
prevent him groaning at the intense agony  
he suffered.

But the young lady, with a quickness of  
apprehension, seemed to understand this,  
too.

"Nothing, do you say? Oh! sir, it's  
another proof of your noble courage. I can  
never show you enough gratitude. For all  
that, I feel deeply grateful."

Her voice trembled with emotion—tears  
welled into her eyes.

Her brave heart had well endured dan-  
ger, but could not contemplate, without be-  
traying its emotion, the self-generosity of  
her rescuer.

"Wal," said he, in order to change the  
conversation, which he thought too flatter-  
ing towards himself, "what do you intend  
doing now that your horse is gone?"

She wiped the tears from her eyes, and in  
a firm voice answered him—  
"I'm not more than four or five miles  
from my home. I merely rode out for plea-  
sure. I little thought that my excursion  
would end thus. Where do you live, sir? I  
don't remember to have seen you before."

"At the settlement?" he asked.

She nodded.

"No; I ain't a resident of no place. I'm  
as you see me—a hunter. I've been at the  
settlement tho' many a time; in fact I used  
to live on that spot afore that war my set-  
tlement. It war enough for me to know  
they war a-comin', so I pulled up stakes  
and quit. You see, miss, it don't do for a  
hunter to live among the clearings; besides,  
I'm a deal happier by myself."

"No doubt. To a contented mind, such  
a life as yours must be a happy one."

"That's it, miss; to them as is contented,  
Do you know I've often and often puzzled  
over the expressin' o' that there idea, and  
never could hit it; and yet you've gin it in  
the snappin' of a jack-knife."

"Perhaps you were going to the settle-  
ment when you saw me?"

"No; exactly t'other way. I war goin'  
from it. I've been down beyond hyar to meet  
a friend o' mine. It ain't long ago tho'  
since I war in the colony, and staid a spell  
there. Now I'm bound for the big Savanna,  
that is, arter I've seen you home, and out o'  
danger."

"Oh, no, thank you, that's not at all  
necessary. I'm used to wandering about  
alone, although this part of the country is a  
little new to me."

"If you'll allow me, miss, I'll go with  
pleasure."

"That I cannot do. All I want to know  
now is your name?"

"Cris Carrol," was the hunter's reply.

"Then," said she, holding out her pretty  
white hand, "Cris Carrol, I thank you, with  
my whole heart, for what you have done  
for me. I will remember it to my dying day."

Like a knight of ancient chivalry, the  
backwoodsman stooped and kissed the pro-  
ffered hand.

When he stood erect again, a flush of  
pleasurable pride made his rugged face look  
as handsome as an Apollo's. It was the  
beauty of honesty.

"Bless you, miss, bless you! Cris Carrol  
will allers be too glad to do a service for one  
that's real grit, as you air. That I'll swar  
to. Bless you!"

As she turned to take her departure, a  
sudden idea struck the backwoodsman—  
"Why, what a durn'd old fool I am; I  
never axed her for her name."

"You'll pardon me, miss," said he, "I'm  
sure you will, but—"  
"But, what?" she asked, smilingly.

"But, might I ask you—I'd like to  
know—here he stammered and stuttered.  
"You want to know my name; that's it,  
ain't it?"

"The very thing!"

"Alice Roddy."

The old backwoodsman started on hear-  
ing it.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### BROTHER AND SISTER.

As Alice Roddy left the spot, which had so  
nearly proved her tomb, she thought of the  
old hunter with admiration. His courage  
and honest courtesy had won her, but she  
had also noticed his surprise on hearing her  
name.

Of the feeling entertained by him for her  
father and brother she knew nothing.

The female mind loves riddles, and Alice,  
like a true woman, racked her brain for a  
solution of that one Carrol's conduct seemed  
to embody.

Thus occupied, she emerged from the  
forest, and had proceeded some distance  
upon her road, when she perceived two in-  
dividuals in close conversation.

Their backs were towards her, and as her  
light footfall did not disturb them she got  
close to the spot on which they stood with-  
out their perceiving her.

Near enough, in fact, to hear the fol-  
lowing:—

"Hark you, you black rascal! If you be-  
tray me it will be the worse for you. I  
have a means of silencing those who prove  
false to me."

Whatever reply the "black rascal" would  
have made was prevented by an impetuous  
gesture of the speaker, who had caught  
sight of Alice.

"Ah, Alice, you here?" said he, facing  
towards her. "I did not know you were  
aboard."

It was her brother Warren.

Alice recognized in the "black rascal" no  
less a personage than Crookleg.

Warren thrust a piece of silver into the  
negro's hands.

"There, there, that'll do. I'll forgive  
you this time, but remember! Now be off  
with you—be off, I say."

Crookleg, cut short in his attempt to ad-  
dress Alice, huddled away, muttering some  
words to himself.

"Because he's a pestilent fellow. I want  
him to know his place."

"But a kind word doesn't cost much."

"There, sister! no scolding, if you please.  
I'm not in the best of humors now. Where  
is your horse?"

Alice told her brother of the incident, and  
spoke warmly of Carrol.

"So the old hunter did you a good ser-  
vice, did he? I didn't think he had it in  
him, the old bear."

"How unjust you are, Warren. Bear,  
indeed! I tell you that Cris Carrol is as  
good a gentleman as ever lived!"

As she said this she showed signs of in-  
dignation.

"Is he, indeed?" was the brother's mock-  
ing retort.

"Yes—a thorough gentleman! One who  
wouldn't wound another's feelings if he  
could help it—and that's my idea of a  
gentleman!"

"Well, we won't argue the point. He  
has done good this time, and that'll go to his  
credit; for all that, I don't like him!"

Alice bit her lip with vexation, but made  
no reply.

"He's too officious," continued Warren;  
"too free with his advice—and I hate ad-  
vice."

"Most people do, especially when it is  
good," quickly answered his sister.

"Who said it was good?"

"I know it is, or you would have liked it,  
and have followed it."

"You are sarcastic."

"No—truthful."

"Well, as I am in no mood for quarrel-  
ling, we'll drop the subject, and Cris Carrol  
too."

"You may, but I shall never drop him.  
He is my friend from this time forward!"

"You are welcome to choose your friends  
—I'll select my own."

"You have done so already."

"What do you mean?"

"That Nelatu, the Indian, seems to be  
one of them."

"Have you anything against him?"

"Oh, no, I am only afraid he'll be the  
loser by the intimacy."

"Am I so dangerous?" asked her brother.

"Yes, Warren, you are dangerous, for  
with all your pretended goodness, you lack  
principle. You cannot conceal your real  
character from me. Remember, I am your  
sister."

"I'm glad you remind me. I should forget  
it."

"That's because you avoid me so much.  
If you believed in my wishes for your wel-  
fare, you would not do that."

Her voice trembled as she spoke.

"Indeed, then I beg you won't waste your  
sympathy on me. I'm perfectly able to take  
care of myself."

"You think you are."

"Well, have it that way if it pleases you  
better. But what has this to do with my  
friendship for the Indian?"

"A great deal. I don't like your intimacy  
with him. Not because he's an Indian—al-  
though that is one reason—but because you  
have some purpose to serve by it that'll do  
him no good."

"Why, one would think you were in love  
with the young copper-skin!"

"No, but they might think he's in love  
with me."

"What! has he dared—"

"No, he has dared nothing; only a wo-  
man's eye can see more than a man's. Ne-  
latu has never spoken a familiar word to  
me, but, for all that, I can see he admires  
me."

"And you—do you admire him?"

The young girl stopped in her walk.  
Her eyes sparkled strangely as she an-  
swered—

"Shame, brother, to put such a question!  
I am a white woman—he is an Indian. How  
dare you speak of such a thing?"

Warren laughed lightly at his sister, as he  
answered,

"Why, you don't think that I care for the  
fellow, do you?"

The young girl saw her opportunity, and  
seized it.

"And yet you pretend to be his friend.  
Ah! have I caught you by your own confes-  
sion?"

"Again, what do you mean?"

"That my doubts are now certainties—  
that some wicked scheme is concealed under  
this false friendship for Nelatu."

"You are mad, Alice."

"No, perfectly sane. You have some de-  
sign, and I advise you, whatever it be, to  
abandon it. You don't like my tears, so I'll  
try to suppress them if I can; but I im-  
plore you, Warren, brother, to give it up  
now and for ever."

She dashed a few bitter drops from her  
eyes ere she spoke again.

"I have only you and my father to look  
to for support and comfort; my heart has  
yearned towards you both, but has met with  
nothing but coldness. Oh, Warren, be a  
brave man—brave enough to despise wicked-  
ness, and you will not only make me happy,  
but, perhaps, avert that terrible retribution  
which overtakes transgression. There is  
time yet; hear my prayer before it is too  
late."

Her pleading voice fell upon an ear that  
heard not.

The appeal did not reach her brother's  
stony heart.

With a few commonplace he endeavored  
to exculpate himself from any evil inten-  
tions towards the young Indian.

All in vain.



Her woman's instinct saw through his hypocrisy, and showed him to her as he was—wicked!

That night Alice Rody prayed long and earnestly for support in an affliction which she felt was but too surely coming; and she wept till her pillow was bedewed with tears!

## CHAPTER XVI.

## A CHANGED CHARACTER.

A wonderful change had taken place in the conduct of Elias Rody.

He was most gracious—most condescending.

He kissed all the children, chatted with the mother, and listened to her narratives of infant ailments, husbands' delinquencies, or household troubles.

To the surprise of many of the poorer settlers the hitherto aristocratic governor took, or appeared to take, great interest in their affairs, and, more wonderful still, in some instances, put his hand into his pocket to relieve their pressing necessities.

Petty matters seemed to become deeply interesting to him, and he devoted time and attention to their adjustment.

Through all this his temper was condescending and amiable.

Many personal quarrels, among settlers, were forgotten and forgiven through his means, whilst coolnesses were warmed into new friendships by his mediations.

This was the work of some time, and the astonishment at his amiability gave way to self-censure on the part of the observers, who charged themselves with having done him great injustice.

No churlish man would have sent down provisions for the poor, have rebuilt Widow Jones's barn, or bought Seth Cheshire a new horse; and what mean man would have lost money to that drunken but popular Jake Stebbins, whose fiery nose, should Jake be abroad, was as a lighthouse on a dark night to any belated traveller?

This was the impression that gradually got abroad about Elias Rody.

He only smiled, rubbed his hands softly together, and muttered, "Humph!"

The money-lender was full of meaning.

It meant that he thought his labor well bestowed, and that the design he had in view prospered even beyond his expectations.

What this design was must be already apparent.

He had courted this popularity to enable him to accomplish the dearest wish of his heart.

After his bland dismissal of Oluski, laden with gifts, he had acquired a control over his own naturally impetuous temper which astonished himself.

The refusal of the Seminole chief to give him quiet possession of the hill was the more annoying because it seemed to clear for ever any further attempt at negotiation.

He understood the Indian character sufficiently to know that they were unchangeable in their opinions, and seldom, if ever, to be moved from a resolution once taken.

This tenacity of purpose had, time out of mind, brought ruin and devastation upon themselves as on those who sought to coerce them, and Rody ground his teeth with impotent rage when Oluski had announced the decision of the Indian council.

The Jews smile that succeeded had root in another thought, which the governor had left out of his mind until the supreme moment of his defeat.

Hence his changed conduct towards his fellow-settlers.

They became almost to a man believers in him, and ready to do his bidding.

He did not neglect, in his Machiavelian policy, to insinuate in every artful way his project of possessing the property on which the Indians were encamped. No artfully, indeed, that in most instances the idea seemed to have originated in his listener's mind, and by them to have been suggested to Elias, thus skillfully reversing the true facts of the case.

This once accomplished, the rest was simple.

A general feeling got abroad that the red men were interlopers, and had no right to usurp a spot so necessary and so useful to the colonists. This feeling, although not loudly expressed, was very deep, and, in nearly every instance, sincere.

The few clear-headed and impartial planters who, proof against Rody's sophistical speeches, were assailed by him in a different manner—by specious promises of enlarged possessions, or by matter of fact appeals for the advancement of civilization. If he did not gain their approval, he, at any rate, made their objections seem narrow-minded and selfish.

Only a few sturdy honest men held out. These Elias could do nothing with. They rejected his proposals, laid bare his false arguments, and laughed at his facts—but as they were a very small minority, they had little influence.

Ere Rody had accomplished this pacific revolution of opinion, the autumn had waned, and the winter months—if such a word can be used where there is no winter—approached, and with it the limit of the term of the Indians' stay upon the hill.

With the first appearance of cool weather, Oluski and his tribe repacked their household gods, took their dwellings to pieces, and with their wives, children, horses and cattle, quitted their late encampment.

The bare poles again appeared cutting against the clear sky.

The hill was once more uninhabited.

A new sort of activity had sprung into existence upon its idle top.

In the place of Indians, with their painted plumes and their primitive finery, the ground was occupied by white men—carpenters and other artisans, along with their negro attendants.

Piles of prepared lumber, stones and other building materials strewed the ground, while the busy workmen, black and white, made the air resonant with their joyful voices.

A finished frame-house soon made its appearance on the spot where the Indians had but recently dwelt—a large structure, substantially built, and ornamental in finish.

It belonged to Elias Rody.

He had secured the sanction of the settlers, and they had determined to support him in his piratical design. Only a very few of them had stood out against it.

Thus strengthened, he had resolved upon, and had now completed his act of usurpation.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## OVER CONFIDENCE.

Oluski's dwelling, in his place of permanent abode, was a more pretentious affair than the wigwam temporarily inhabited by him at Tampa Bay.

This eastern residence was an old Indian

house that had been built long before the Spaniards had landed in Florida, and in it his people, for many generations, had dwelt. The chief having secured from an extended hunting excursion, was pleased to find himself once more beneath his paternal roof.

Doubly pleased; for he had brought back with him his nephew, Wacora, who, thinking of his pretty cousin, had accepted his uncle's invitation with alacrity.

Behold them, then, with pipes lighted, seated inside the house, Sansuta in attendance.

Wacora watched the lithe-limbed maiden; as she flitted to and fro, engaged in household duties, he thought her as attractive as ever. A certain consciousness on her part of the fact, in no way detracted from her beauty.

"I am pleased, nephew," said Oluski, "pleased to see you here again. I feel that I am no longer young, the support of your arm in a wearying day's march has been very welcome."

"It is always at your service, uncle."

"I am sure of it. If Oluski thought otherwise he would be unhappy. Your cousin, Sansuta, addressing his daughter, 'come to see you as much as to hear me company. You should thank him for it.'"

"I do."

"Wacora is thanked already in the smile of welcome that met him in Sansuta's eyes."

The young girl flushed at the delicate compliment, and, going out, left the two chiefs together.

"You tell me, Wacora, that the affairs of your tribe are prosperous, and that there is peace and harmony in your council chamber?"

"Yes, uncle, the same as in my father's life-time."

"That is well, for without that there is no real strength. So it is with us."

"You have told me nothing of the pale faces on Tampa Bay."

"They are our firm friends still. In spite of your fears, Wacora, to the contrary, Rody and the colonists are true to their promises."

"I am pleased to hear Oluski say so," was the nephew's reply.

"I did not tell you that he had made an offer to buy the hill?"

"To buy the hill? What hill?"

"That on which we make our annual encampment. We call it Tampa after the bay."

"Indeed! He wants that, too?" rejoined the young chief, in a tone savoring of indignation.

"Yes; I called our council together, and told them of the offer."

"And their answer?"

"The same as my own; they refused."

Wacora gave a sigh of relief.

"When I carried that answer to the white he was not angry, but met me like a friend."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; he pressed upon my acceptance rich presents, and told me that Oluski's friendship was worth more than land."

"But you refused the presents?" said the young Indian, eagerly.

"I could not; my old friend would take no denial. Fearing to offend him, I yielded."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of an Indian, one of the warriors of the tribe.

"What does Marocota want?" asked Oluski.

"To speak to Wacora, the chief."

Wacora desired him to express his wishes in the presence of his uncle.

"Marocota must speak to Wacora alone, if Oluski will allow it."

Oluski made a sign to his nephew, who rising, followed the man outside the door.

"Wacora must follow me further," signified the Indian.

"Go on, I will do so."

Marocota led the way, and only paused in his walk when he had got some distance from the dwelling.

"Has Wacora faith in Marocota?"

The young chief started at the question which his guide had put to him in a tone of strange earnestness.

"Yes, I have faith in you."

"And he would serve Oluski, our chief?"

"With my life!"

"Sansuta is dear to Oluski."

Again Wacora started. Marocota's words were enigmatical.

His guide continued—

"Sansuta is beautiful."

"We all know that. Was it to tell me this you brought me here?"

"The pale faces admire the beauty of our Indian maidens."

"What of that?"

"One pale-face has marked Sansuta's beauty."

"Ha!"

"His eyes gladden at sight of her. Her cheeks grow red at sight of him."

"His name?"

"Warren Rody."

"How do you know all this?"

"Marocota is Oluski's friend, and watches over his chief's happiness. To-night Warren's messenger was in the town—the negro, Crookleg."

The young chief was silent. Marocota watched him without breaking in upon his thoughts.

Recovering himself, Wacora asked—

"Where did you see the negro?"

"In the old fort."

"The old fort? What was he doing there?"

"Marocota followed his trail—a lame foot and a stick—and saw him as he entered the ruin; some one was waiting for him inside."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Boston Transcript says: "Persons who are annoyed by dust upon the great organ at the Hall are probably not aware that it takes six or seven men nearly a week, and involves an expense of upwards of \$100 to give the instrument a single thorough dusting. The operation has been gone through with this week."

"One of the clergymen of Springfield, who is in the habit of adding 'ah' to his sentences, recently spoke of those who 'have been brought up on the Lord's side ah.'"

"The man who never failed is a myth. Such a one never lived, and is never likely to. All success is a series of efforts, in which, when closely viewed, is seen more or less failures. The mountain is apt to overshadow the hill, but the hill is a reality nevertheless. If you fail now and then, don't be discouraged. Bear in mind it is only the part and experience of every successful man; and the most successful men often have the most failures."

"During the last two years twenty-three butcher shops for the sale of horse flesh have been opened in Paris."

## SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1868.

## TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND. (Remember that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired, and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Book) for \$1.00; Two copies \$1.50; Four copies \$2.00; Eight copies (and one extra) \$2.50; One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND \$1.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition. Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different. In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, please send a Post-office Order on Philadelphia, or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Company, unless you pay their charge.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at \$2.50 apiece—or for 10 subscribers at \$5.00 apiece—will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 1 Machine, price \$25. By remitting the difference of price in cash, say higher priced machines will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium Club, inasmuch as he pays \$2.50, will get a large Premium Sewing Machine.

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,  
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NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

## BACK NUMBERS.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of "The Death Shadow of The Poplars," "Sybil's Adriance," "The Planter Pirate," &c., &c.

## SOUTH AMERICA.

We take the following from an exchange relative to the financial honor of Brazil:—

In the long and enormously expensive war in which Brazil has been engaged, the credit of its government has been sustained in the most honorable manner. Taxation has been increased, and money has flowed so freely into the treasury that its present deficit is under \$2,000,000. The dividends on its loans are as punctually paid in London as when the empire was at peace, the sinking fund which is rapidly amortizing these loans has not been suspended, the guarantee on its railways is regularly and faithfully met, it owes no money in Europe, its 5 per cent. external bonds are worth much more in the market than those of many European States, and its 6 per cent. internal bonds are quoted at 110 at 87½.

Nothing could prove more conclusively the superiority of monarchical over republican institutions for nations where the masses of the people are deficient in moderation and intelligence, than the condition of South America. While revolution and disorder seem to be the normal state of the so-called republics, and they are despised alike at home and abroad, Brazil presents the appearance of an orderly government, with as liberal a constitution as the people are prepared for.

Paraguay, with which Brazil and her allies have been waging war, and which has opposed to her formidable enemies such a heroic resistance, is a despotic monarchy, ruled by a Dictator.

Dr. Francia assumed the Dictatorship in 1814, four years after the separation from Spain, and governed the country until his death in 1840. Since then, with a short interval, Lopez has governed Paraguay as "President for Life." Dr. Francia established schools in every section, and, as Lippincott's Gazetteer says, "by a judicious exercise of arbitrary power preserved the country from those dissensions and civil wars from which the other South American states have suffered so deeply." That the people of Paraguay are satisfied with their absolute monarchy, would seem to be proven by the united front they have presented for several years against their allied invaders.

As to the merits of the quarrel between Paraguay and Brazil, we say nothing, not having investigated the subject.

We are in our political principles a devoted admirer of Republican Institutions. But as a Republic is the least simple and useful, and the most complex and difficult of all governments, so it is the one that requires for its success the greatest amount of sound judgment, general intelligence, and wise moderation in the people. Without a large proportion of these elements, a Republic for any long period of time, is simply an impossibility.

The reason is obvious. To rule a great nation wisely, requires the very highest faculties of the human mind. Now it is easier to find one wise man than fifty, fifty wise men than five millions.

But in a Republic, the majority of the voting class are elevated into the position of rulers—rulers not of themselves only, but of the country, including the minority of voters, and the numerous non-voters. Now the average of wisdom in this ruling majority does not reach a certain height, they are certain to wreck the ship.

No truth, one would think, could be clearer than this—all History teaches it—South America and Mexico are illustrating it daily before our eyes—but our politicians and statesmen (so-called) seem to be utterly blind to it, while even our scholars and thinkers, as in the madness of the French Revolution, are led off by the shallowest sentimental ideas in respect to the nature of Liberty and Government.

"To govern yourselves"—that is not the vital part of government, though sufficiently important. The question that Fate is always putting is,—Can you, the ruling power—be you Monarch, Aristocracy, or Republican Majority—govern the Nation, including the opposing Minorities, the Non-voters, the great Moneyed and Landed Interests,—fairly, wisely, moderately, and well?

That is always the question. And it does not answer it, so as to please Fate, for the Ruling Power to say, like Louis Sixteenth, "I am the State; and will rule to please myself."

The Ruling Power—be it King, Aristocracy, "Republican" Majority, "Democratic" Majority—has no right to rule to please only itself. No government can long endure which is managed on such selfish and despotic principles. The actual Ruler may be elected by a majority—but the moment he is elected, he and they should remember that he is the Representative of the Whole People—those who voted against him, as well as those who voted for him. The

rights of the minority should be as sacred in his eyes as those of the majority. If he is President, he should be President of the Whole People, not merely of those who voted for him. If a Legislator, he should legislate for the good of the whole people, not merely for his party. He is a sworn man—and bound by his Constitutional oath to know no party, but the whole people.

From the neglect and disregard of these plain truths, we are sailing right on towards anarchy and ruin. There are those who laugh at such assertions, as at the false warnings of the boy that cried "Wolf!"—but let them remember that according to the fable, the wolf did come at last!

## A NEW POEM BY MILTON.

Professor Morley, of the University College, London, has discovered a manuscript poem in a copy of Milton's works in the British Museum, which he believes to be by Milton. He says:—"It is entitled simply 'An Epitaph,' and signed by him 'J. M., Oct. 1647.' He was then in his 39th year. As the page is about the size of a leaf of note-paper, the handwriting is small. Thirty-six lines were first written, which filled the left-hand side of the page; then a line was lightly drawn to the right of them, and the book being turned sideways, the rest of the poem was packed into three little columns, eight lines in each of the first two columns, and the other two lines at the top of the third column, followed by the initials and date. Upon the small blank space left in this corner of the page the Museum stamp is affixed, covering part of Milton's signature."

The following is the poem, as corrected according to the latest examinations with a magnifying glass:—

## "AN EPITAPH."

He whom Heaven did call away  
Out of this Hermitage of clay  
Has left some relics in this Urn  
As a pledge of his return.

Meanwhile the Muses do deplore  
The loss of this their paramour,  
With whom he sported ere the day  
Budded forth its tender ray.  
And now Apollo leaves his lays  
And puts on cypress for his bays;  
The sacred sisters tune their quills  
Only to the blubbling rills,  
And while his doom they think upon  
Make their own tears their Helicon;  
Leaving the two-topt Mount divine  
To turn votaries to his shrine.

Think not, reader, me less blest,  
Sleeping in this narrow chest,  
Than if my ashes did lie hid  
Under some stately pyramid.  
If a rich tomb makes happy, then  
That Bee was happier far than men  
Who, busy in the thymy wood,  
Were fettered by the golden flood  
Which from the Amber-weeping tree  
Distilled down so plenteously;  
For so this little wanton elf  
Most gloriously enshrined itself.  
A tomb whose beauty might compare  
With Cleopatra's sepulchre.

In this little bed my dust  
Incurtailed round I here intrust;  
While my pure and nobler part  
Lies entomb'd in every heart.

Then pass on gently, ye that mourn,  
Touch not this mine hallowed Urn;  
These Ashes, which do here remain,  
A vital tincture still retain;  
A seminal form within the depths  
Of this little chaos sleeps;  
The thread of life untwisted is  
Into its first existencies;  
Infant nature cradled here  
In its principles appear:  
This plant though covered into dust  
In its Ashes rest it must  
Until sweet Psyche shall inspire  
A softening and prolific fire,  
And in her fostering arms enfold  
This heavy and this earthly mould.  
Then as I am I'll be no more  
But bloom and blossom [as] b [efore]  
When this cold numbness shall retreat  
By a more than chymick heat.

J. M., Oct. 1647.

There has been considerable discussion as to whether the "J. M." signed to the above is not really "P. M.," but the J. M. champions do not give up the ship, but assert that powerful magnifying glasses support their side of the question.

As to the lines themselves, they are declared by some to be worthy, and by others entirely unworthy of Milton's genius. For instance, Hopworth Dixon, of the London Athenaeum says:

Who except Milton would have written  
Out of this Hermitage of clay?  
Would any other poet have made Apollo  
—put on cypress for his bays?

This line,  
The sacred sisters tune their quills,  
is not only Miltonic, but extremely characteristic of his manner about the year 1647. "Stately pyramid," "amber weeping tree," "wanton elf," are in the poet's vein. Surely a great poet must have written

A seminal form within the depths  
Of this little chaos sleeps.

The closing lines of the Epitaph are certainly not worthy of Milton; and I fancy they are very much "in the rough."

What some people call flaws in the Epitaph seem to me Miltonic.

On the other hand we notice that the distinguished New York city poet, Tilton, of the Independent, says:—

The first four lines would have been more in Milton's involved and inverted manner had they stood thus:

"He whom Heaven did call away  
From this Hermitage of clay  
Hath, as pledge of his return,  
Left some relics in his urn."

Perhaps Milton might have written

"These ashes, which do here remain,  
A vital tincture still retain,"  
but, having so written, he would not have added the *supplementary* condition which follow:

"A seminal form within the depths  
Of this little chaos sleeps;  
The thread of life untwisted is  
Into its first existencies;  
Infant nature cradled here  
In its principles appear."

Thus it will be seen that Tilton thinks he could easily improve on Milton, if such lines be Miltonic; while he denominates as "supplemental absurdities" what Mr. Dixon

thinks "a great poet surely must have written."

There is another explanation, which will doubtless commend itself to our friends the "Spiritualists." That this poem was written by the ghost of Milton, on one of his frequent visits to the British Museum. This strikes us as a highly bold and original view of the subject.

On the whole however, we are inclined to think that whether Milton did or did not write this poem, is, considering the intrinsic value of the poem itself, a matter of very little consequence. Such is our own humble opinion. But then if any of our readers think differently, they are welcome to their own view—and we trust they will thank us for laying before them what they will doubtless consider such a gem of poeie.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE AMERICAN ANNUAL CYCLOPEDIA AND REGISTER OF IMPORTANT EVENTS FOR THE YEAR 1867. Embracing Political, Civil, Military and Social Affairs; Public Documents; Biography, Statistics, Commerce, Finance, Literature, Science, Agriculture, and Mechanical Industry. This is the seventh volume of this excellent yearly addition to Appleton's Encyclopedia. It is embellished with finely engraved portraits of George Peabody, Burlingame, Chase, &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF ULYSSES S. GRANT AND SCHUYLER COLFAX. BY CHARLES A. PHELPS, President of the Massachusetts Senate. Embellished with two Steel Portraits and four Illustrations. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS—Nicholas Nickleby, Martin Chuzzlewit, and American Notes in one volume. Six of these volumes contain the whole of Dickens's works. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pritchard, Philadelphia.

GOETHE AND SCHILLER. An Historical Romance. By L. MUEHLBACH, author of "Joseph II. and His Court," &c. Illustrated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pritchard, Philadelphia.

HALF-YEARLY ABSTRACT OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES, JANUARY TO JULY, 1868. Published by H. C. Lea, Phila.

THE MONASTERY. BY WALTER SCOTT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pritchard, Philadelphia.

## Honesty of the Indians.

A gentleman, Mr. H——, who has lived in the West sometime, made to me, the following statements, which it seemed to me might be worthy to place beside some of Mrs. Child's testimonies regarding the Indians. He said that when he was a young man, happening to be on the island of Mackinac, he saw there a store with a large show-window filled with highly colored ribbons. He inquired of the proprietors, where they found a market for these ribbons, and was told that they were principally bought by Indians. Making further inquiries, he learned that the Indians came there to trade from distances of three hundred or a thousand miles, and that once a year, when the Government annuities were paid them, they settled their bills







## LITTLE PAT AND THE PARSON.

He stands at the door of the church peeping in,  
No troublesome bundle is near him;  
The preacher is talking of sinners and sin,  
And little Pat trembles to hear him;

A poor little fellow alone and forlorn,  
Who never knew parent or duty;  
His head is uncovered, his jacket is torn,  
And hunger has withered his beauty.

The white-headed gentleman shut in the box,  
Seems growing more angry each minute;  
He doubles his fist and the cushion he knocks,  
As if anxious to know what is in it.

He accedes to the people who sit in the pews,  
Pat takes them for kings and princesses;  
(With his little bare feet—he delights in their shoes;  
In his rage he feels proud of their dresses.)

The parson exhorts them to think of their need,  
To turn from the world's dissipation,  
The naked to clothe, and the hungry to feed,—  
Pat listens with strong approbation!

And when the old clergyman walks down the aisle,  
Pat runs up to meet him right gladly,  
"Share, give me my dinner!" says he with a smile,  
"And a jacket, I want them quite badly."

The kings and princesses indignantly stare,  
The bundle gets word of the danger,  
And, shaking his silver-tipped stick in the air,  
Looks knives at the poor little stranger.

But Pat's not afraid, he is sparkling with joy,  
And cries,—who so willing to cry it?  
"You'll give me my dinner, I'm such a poor boy;  
You said so,—now don't you deny it."

The pompous old beadle may grumble and glare,  
And growl about robbers and arson;  
But the boy who has faith in the sermon stands there,  
And smiles at the white-headed parson!

The kings and princesses may wonder and frown,  
And whisper he wants better teaching;  
But the white-headed parson looks tenderly down  
On the boy who has faith in his preaching.

He takes him away without question or blame,  
As eager as Patsey to press on,  
For he thinks a good dinner (and Pat thinks the same)  
Is the moral that lies in the lesson.

And after long years, when Pat, handsomely dressed,  
A smart footman,—is asked to determine  
Of all earthly things what's the thing he likes best?  
He says, "Och! share, the master's could serm'n!"

## HOW A CASTLE WAS TAKEN IN THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

Frederick the Great was not very great. He had the shrewdest, soundest sense, the strongest will, the directest purpose, but no genius and no enthusiasm. He wrote a refutation of Machiavelli in his youth, and practiced Machiavellianism all his life after. His mind was narrow and low, but eager and intense, perceptive rather than sagacious. Prussia—the most prosaic of men—he yet loved music and wrote verses. As he deemed Voltaire the divinest of poets, and the Henriade the divinest of poems, what but the worst verses ever scribbled could those of Frederick be? Hard, Frederick was not heartless—capable of friendship, yet not mourning very bitterly or very long the loss of his friends—fiercely, sometimes perversely inflexible, never wantonly cruel. As Napoleon was called, popularly and affectionately, the Little Corporal, so Frederick might in all seriousness be called the Big Corporal. He had the corporal's strictness, the corporal's pedantry, the corporal's notions, and the corporal's conscience. Was a military leader he was the Big Corporal; but the Big Corporal no less as a political ruler. To him the army and the nation were alike machines. What of war is rigidly mathematical, he improved—nothing more; for he had no inventiveness, no sudden inspirations, no grand conceptions. With a larger and more generous nature, he might have been the regenerator of Germany, the creator of German Unity. He contented himself with founding a bureaucracy the most rigid and odious—with shamelessly robbing Maria Theresa—with suggesting and greedily profiting from that incomparable infamy, the dismemberment of Poland. When placed beside Caesar, Charlemagne, and Bonaparte, Frederick looks small enough. If he was free from many of their defects, it was mainly from the poverty and pininess of his character. On the whole, he was the most respectable pedagogue that ever preached to mankind with dull books and bright bayonets.

However depreciating our estimate of Frederick may be, it is impossible not to admire the courage and the constancy he displayed in the Seven Years' War. It is with the first blow struck in that memorable war that we propose to occupy the present sketch. Both through his mother and his grandfather, Frederick had the blood of Mary Stuart in his veins. Fitting and well it is, therefore, that the most gifted of all his living historians is a Scotchman. We enter into no rivalry with that man of genius, in attempting the delineation of an episode which has of itself an independent interest. Moreover, in order that we may not be accused of partiality, we shall do little more than reproduce the account of a German writer.

Late in the summer of 1756, the war began. Lieutenant-General Von Custnita was ordered by the King of Prussia to leave Silesia, and, with the regiments under his command, to march to Bischofsverder, and there join another division of the army. Among those regiments were the Natumer and Ssekuly Hussars, that were more specially charged to advance upon Copitz, where the Saxon army was concentrating.

Barring their arduous path, was the moun-

tain fastness of Stolpe. How the fortress was to be dealt with became an important and pressing question. Colonel Ssekuly, whose regiment led the way, made halt on approaching the fortress, to consult and decide with his staff on the matter. By a circuitous route the fortress could be left aside altogether. But this mode of solving the problem had a cowardly and dishonorable look. There was a bolder, directer, more perilous alternative, namely, to advance to the foot of the hill. Here a safe position could be taken, for the balls fired from the fortress would pass over the heads of the soldiers, permitting preparations for what might be deemed the best fashion of assault. This scheme found favor, its warmest advocate being Lieutenant-Colonel Von Warnery, between whom, however, and the Colonel Ssekuly, there was much bad blood. Warnery was frank, bold and generous, quick to resolve, intrepid to execute. Full of hatred, and altogether hateful, Ssekuly was morose, envious, had as little as possible of the good man and the good fellow. He detested the lieutenant-colonel because the latter was incomparably his superior in everything; and he called him his death-bird, as his probable successor, if he himself were killed.

While the officers were discussing the two fashions of dealing with the difficulty, Warnery offered to ride to the fortress, and to occupy the commandant with proposals and negotiations for the surrender thereof, till the troops were safe from cannon range. Every one saw the rashness and the risk of the attempt; but herein for Warnery was its irresistible charm. It was always what was extraordinary and daring which attracted him. If the commandant of the fortress were to detect the device whereby it was intended to befool him, the peril to Warnery was not small. For this very reason, however, Ssekuly gave, with a malignant smile, an eager consent. "Then I accompany you," cried Major Von Bajar, who knew well what that cruel smile meant. "You offer I gladly accept," answered Warnery; "and I shall take with me in addition, only a trumpeter and a hussar." "It is advisable, however," rejoined Bajar, "that the colonel should send, as soon after us as can be done without attracting attention, an officer and twenty hussars; for we ought to be prepared for unexpected contingencies." Ssekuly nodded approval and consent.

Not many minutes had elapsed before the four horsemen were seen riding up the steep, bearing the white flag, symbol of a request for a peaceful interview. The whole of his plan, so audacious and so perilous, Warnery had not revealed to any one, not even to his brave companion, Major Von Bajar. A soldier was coming from the fortress when the horsemen drew near. Warnery entered into conversation with him. The soldier, a simple, unsuspecting creature, thought apparently that the troops before him were friends, not foes, and answered readily and garrulously the questions put to him. According to him, the fortress had a garrison of only forty men, besides some invalids, and eight artillerymen. But the fortress was amply supplied with war material and well provisioned. "The firearms," said the soldier, guilelessly, "are not all loaded; but the soldiers have plenty of cartridges, if they want them. Why, however, should the soldiers keep their muskets loaded? The abominable Prussians are still a long way off; and the commandant plays cards at his ease with the two other officers in the fortress." The poor soul laughed an honest and hearty laugh, as if he had uttered something witty. "You are right," exclaimed Warnery, laughing in his turn, and seemingly entering into the fun. "The abominable Prussians are still a long way off, and till they come, the officers in the fortress can have many a good game at cards." "I think so too," replied the soldier, the color of whose nose indicated that his love of brains was as great as his natural stupidity. He made the customary salute and went carefully on his way.

Plunged in deep and anxious thought, Warnery rode on. Bajar did not disturb him, for the concentration of Warnery's look, and the occasional twitching of a muscle showed that he was maturing some plan in his mind. A mechanic, employed in the fortress, came next into sight. Dextrously, Warnery submitted him to a series of interrogations, and the replies confirmed what the soldier had so freely communicated. Warnery raised his head proudly with an air of courage and delight. His plan was now ready, and the four horsemen rode on at a quicker and a gayer pace. Suddenly their course was arrested by a barrier, which was at once let down, while two soldiers with fixed bayonets placed themselves on guard. On both sides there was great surprise; but with Warnery the surprise did not last long. He seized a pistol from the holster, and commanded the soldiers, in a firm voice, to throw their arms into the ditch of the fortress, and to run as fast as they could down the hill, if they did not wish to be taken prisoners by the advancing Prussians. The mention of the Prussians had a magical effect. Not long did the soldiers ponder or hesitate. They threw their arms into the deep ditch, raised the barrier, and hurried down the hill, as if running were a luxury they were for the first time enjoying.

From Warnery's words, it was plain that he confidently believed that the twenty hussars, who, by arrangement, were to follow, were close behind. How could he suspect that the mean and cowardly Ssekuly would countermand the order for the advance of the hussars, and would leave the brave Warnery and his companions to their fate? Warnery had forbidden, on pain of death, the two sentinels to return to the fortress. They neither needed the prohibition nor the threat; for they were in the mood to get as far away from the fortress as possible.

On went the four horsemen, and quickly came to another barrier. Behind the barrier was a drawbridge, in a state of comfortable rest, as if to make the entrance of an enemy easier. Much was the sentinel startled at the sight of the horsemen; and he rushed, with the intention of pulling the string of a small alarm bell, to put on their guard those in the fortress. Warnery, who had always right thoughts at the right time, drew in a moment his sharp sabre, and cut the string in two; and the soldier looked bewildered enough when one end of it remained dangling in his hand. His musket rested on the sentry box, and he was about to seize it, when Warnery, waving his sabre menacingly, said, sternly—

"Throw, this instant, your musket into the ditch; for, if you do not, your head will roll down thither sooner than your musket." When the soldier heard this, and saw the waving sabre, and the fiercely sparkling eyes of the officer, his decision was swift, and the musket took the road Warnery had

prescribed. "Now," proceeded Warnery, "scamper off with the best dispatch, otherwise the advancing Prussians will take you prisoner, and other things may befall you, not of a pleasant kind. Down the hill, at your utmost speed, I say; and if you come back, your head will take a journey to join your gun." The soldier was not slow in understanding distinct words, uttered with such grim emphasis. He darted down the hill and took good care not to look back; no hints or homilies required he about the value of his life to himself and society.

Warnery's hussar raised the barrier, and the four horsemen were about to continue their daring path, when Warnery, who had a voice as loud and strong as that of a bear, thundered out, "Quick march!" believing that the twenty hussars were quite near, and were eager to follow. This command could not reach the ears of the twenty hussars, for, by Ssekuly's order they had returned to the regiment. Yet the words were not without effect. The twenty hussars, who were not without that which Warnery had expected. By this time, the four horsemen had arrived at the open gate of the fortress, almost ere aware of it, as they were wholly unacquainted with the place. The guard at the gate consisted of invalids. When the corporal commanding the guard heard Warnery shout "Quick march," he was greatly confused and bewildered, and gazed helplessly at the Prussians whom he saw before him. Warnery did not give the corporal time to recover from his amazement, but forced him, by placing a pistol to his breast, to retreat into the guard-room to his comrades. Immediately Warnery sprang from his horse, shut the guard-room door, and ordered his hussars to throw into the ditch of the fortress the muskets of the guard, which were leaning on the wall, under the gateway. When this was done, he commanded the soldiers of the guard to come out, one by one, fling their ammunition into the ditch, and, if they value their life, swiftly disappear down the hill with no thoughts of returning. The trembling invalids preferred, as was natural, freedom to captivity, and rapidly withdrew from perilous proximity to the balls and sabres of the Prussians. Warnery now placed his hussar on guard at the gate with the definite instruction to shoot down or cut down every one who attempted to enter, the twenty hussars, of course, excepted.

So far, everything had most miraculously succeeded, to the astonishment of Bajar, who had observed Warnery's doings in silence.

"What next?" asked Bajar, in a voice not much above a whisper, and as if speaking to himself.

"Come on, friend," cried Warnery; "all will go well." Thereupon, he gave spurs to his horse, swept across the parade-ground to the house occupied by the commandant, and ordered the trumpeter to sound the alarm. In shrill tones the signal was sounded, and, as if struck by lightning, the commandant, General Von Liebenau, sprang up, ran to the window, and saw with immense wonder the two officers and the trumpeter, who went on sounding the alarm lustily.

When Liebenau had somewhat recovered from his amazement, he cried, in a violent tone—

"Who gave you permission to enter the fortress, which, as you know well, belongs to the King of Poland, my gracious master?"

"I thought no great mischief was done, as nobody barred my approach," said Warnery, with the smile and the accent of good nature and good fellowship; "besides, I have important communications from Field-Marshal Gessler for your Excellency, which I respectfully entreat you to receive."

Accompanied by no one but a servant, Liebenau descended. Warnery and Liebenau saluted each other, but Warnery soon changed his tone and his language.

"You are my prisoner," said he, sternly; "give me your sword. You are my prisoner, and the prisoner of the King of Prussia, to whom, from this moment, belongs this fortress, which I have seized in fair warfare." Liebenau was not exactly the kind of man to submit with the meekness of a lamb. He furiously shouted, "Shoot them down!" These words were addressed to the main guard, posted in a sort of vaulted chamber near, beyond the range of Warnery's glance. The soldiers sprang to their arms, and rushed up the steps. Warnery saw that the promptest decision was needful. He must complete an enterprise, rash, even to madness, or be ignominiously vanquished. Boldly, swiftly, vigorously, he must act, or all was lost. Each of Warnery's hands was immediately armed with a pistol. The one he fired at Liebenau, who fell dead without a groan, while the other he pointed mechanically at the guard.

The shot which cost the governor his life—the first in the Seven Years' War—founded and disordered the soldiers, who, with a total disregard of conscience, duty, and honor, laid down their arms. They did not wait for a repetition of Warnery's command—that they were to leave the fortress without delay.

Warnery had taken the fortress, but—how bravely and advantageously, to keep it, was a troublesome question. The twenty hussars did not arrive. This awkward contrariety, Warnery was unable to account for. Every moment his impatience and indignation increased. If the soldiers and the invalids went to the nearest post of the enemy, some hostile troops might speedily appear, and the fortress might be torn from his valiant hand as suddenly as he had won it. He had sent the trumpeter to quicken the march of the lingering hussars; but the trumpeter returned not. Forthwith he despatched Major Von Bajar on the same errand. But the major did not return any more than the trumpeter. Matters looked very dubious and dark; for he and the hussar at the gate formed the whole garrison of the conquered fortress.

The prolonged absence of the trumpeter and the major is easily explained. Both of them had gone straight and fast to Colonel Ssekuly, and each of them had told the story of Warnery's marvellous achievement. Ssekuly laughed with bitterest mockery. He suspected a stratagem of the enemy, and the major and the trumpeter had been bribed or frightened into instruments of the stratagem. He neither therefore sent any succor, nor allowed the major and the trumpeter to go back. How desperate was thus Warnery's situation! His impatience and indignation broke into the wildest wrath. With the most resolute determination—rather to perish than lose his conquest—he took his position in the midst of the parade ground. Around him was the stillness of death. As no one came into sight, and it becoming evident that not a soul remained in the fortress, except himself, he rode forth to the first barrier. Here, he saw a hussar,

whom he despatched to Colonel Von Puttkamer—earnestly imploring help.

At what Lancashire people call the edge of the dark, Puttkammer appeared, with thirty hussars, and made sure the conquest which was the work of one man's daring and sagacity. The gain was not a small one, for, besides twelve cannon, there was in the fortress a large supply of ammunition along with provisions of every kind. The first shot fired in the Seven Years' War laid a brave man low; but for this, the capture of the fortress would have been as amusing as it was brilliant. At all events, Warnery had not to wait long for the recompense of his astonishing feat, though adventures of the kind were not quite in harmony with Frederick the Second's style of soldiering.

The substantial truth of the history there is no reason to question. But the German author has forgotten to tell us what became of the two officers who played cards with the Commandant. Did they conveniently vanish into space? Or were they, from the beginning, mythical personages? Perhaps it is not wise, when we chance upon an entertaining episode, to be too critical; and there have been many incidents in war quite as extraordinary as Warnery's conquest of the mountain fastness, Stolpe.

## AGAIN.

Oh, sweet and fair! oh, rich and rare!

That day so long ago.

The autumn sunshine everywhere,

The heather all a glow,

The ferns were clad in cloth of gold,

The waves sang on the shore;

Such suns will shine, such waves will sing,

Forever, evermore.

Oh, fit and few! oh, tried and true!

The friends who met that day,

Each one the other's spirit knew;

And so in earnest play

The hours flew past, until at last

The twilight kissed the shore;

We said, "Such days shall come again

Forever, evermore."

One day again, no cloud of pain

A shadow e'er we cast,

And yet we strove in vain, in vain,

To conjure up the past;

Like, but unlike the sun that shone,

The words we said, the songs we sung,

Like—unlike—evermore.

For ghosts unseen crept in between,

And, when our songs flowed free,

Sang discords in an undertone

And marred the harmony.

"The past is ours, not yours," they said,

"The waves that beat the shore,

Though like the same, are not the same,

Oh! never, never more!"

Oh! never, never more!"

Oh! never, never more!"

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the other hand, so much sweetness and loveliness that nothing could surpass them in this respect; and, finally, so chaste and dignified a style that we are almost at a loss to understand how the pencil can have been wielded by the same hand which furnished so many laughable illustrations to the "Journal pour rire." Thus we do not know what we are to admire most warmly in this wonderful wizard; the originality and perfection of his creations or his unparalleled productiveness.

The first great work which Dore published were his illustrations to the writings of Rabelais, the first step leading to the pinnacle of the fame which he now enjoys; they were published in 1853, and the number of productions which the great artist has issued since then, drawings, sketches, woodcuts, and oil-paintings, is almost incredible. He himself does not know the total number of his works. In 1864 an enthusiastic English connoisseur advertised in the Paris papers that he wished to obtain a complete catalogue of all of Gustave Dore's works. This wish was of course, immediately brought to the artist's notice; but he at that time declared with a shrug that he was unable to fulfill it, for he himself knew only that he had made from fifteen to twenty thousand drawings, but he was utterly unable to furnish further detail. Truly, a productiveness which renders all myths concerning Rubens more than probable. For all that Dore, although he has amassed greater wealth than the greatest German painters ever were able to do, has remained the most modest and unassuming man in the world. Here is a striking example of this trait of his:

A few years ago there suddenly arose in Paris the rumor that Dore, despite the fabulous number of works which he had finished, had in his desk still another large work consisting of several hundred sheets. Nobody thought this could be true; for, although it was generally known that the young artist was almost incessantly at work in his studio, it seemed utterly impossible that, what with innumerable sketches, drawings, paintings, etc., which he had already given to the public, his pencil should have been able to create such an extensive production. He himself strenuously denied the existence of such a work. And yet the voices which, even in his presence insisted on it, could not be silenced, and some one must have committed an indiscretion, for one morning Mame, the Tour's publisher, rushed into his studio, exclaiming:

"You have illustrated the Bible—the illustrations are mine—ask for them whatever you please!"

The scene now ensuing seems to have been taken from a comedy—denials on one side and assertions on the contrary on the other. Finally Dore owns up everything, and even condescends to show the illustrations to the publisher—however, only on the condition that M. Mame should no longer talk about publishing them.

"You see," he said, "an illustrated Bible, and moreover, one illustrated by me, would be regarded by the public as a downright profanation. Everybody knows that I am a child of the world in the full sense of the word. People would, perhaps, forgive me for drawing a saint's picture, but the whole Bible! Prejudice would frustrate the success of the undertaking at the issue of the very first number."

"But tell me, for God's sake, when did you do all this? There are upwards of two hundred sheets here!" exclaimed Mame.

In his leisure hours, between twelve and three in the night time. Nobody will believe that I seek and find my whole creative genius as an artist in the Bible. With what shouts of laughter Paris would greet the news that Gustave Dore long with all his heart for the moment when he will not paint anything but religious pictures. The limner of caricature in the Charivari paints Madonnas! You say that it is impossible. I have drawn these engravings for myself, and not for the public; I have been at work upon them for ten years, night after night; and whenever I had a spare hour I made the necessary studies at the Louvre. Look at the drawings; they are better than anything I have done yet; but you yourself must see that it would be rank folly to publish them as a whole."

Dore resisted this tempting offer for months; but he accepted it finally, stipulating, however, that the engravings should be made under his supervision. As he had predicted, both the public and the critics indulged in sneering remarks as soon as the work was announced; and as soon as it appeared, they lauded it to the skies, and pronounced it a great event in the history of art. The first edition of three thousand copies was sold before a single copy had appeared in the hands of the retail dealers, and yet each copy costs in France two hundred francs.

But M. Mame no longer listened to what Dore was saying; for upward of an hour he was absorbed in examining this gigantic work, and when he rose, he stepped up to the artist and said to him



## CUI BONO?

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

A harmless fellow, wasting useless days,  
Am I: I love my comfort and my leisure;  
Let those who wish them, toil for gold and  
praise;  
To me this summer day brings more of  
pleasure.

So, here upon the grass I lie at ease,  
While solemn voices from the past are  
calling,  
Mingled with rustling whispers in the trees,  
And pleasant sounds of water idly falling.  
There was a time when I had higher aims  
Than thus to be among the flowers, and  
listen  
To lipping birds, or watch the sunset's  
flames  
On the broad river's surface glow and  
glisten.

There was a time, perhaps, when I had  
thought  
To make a name, a home, a bright exist-  
ence;  
But time has shown me that my dreams were  
naught  
Save a mirage that vanished with the dis-  
tance.  
Well, it is gone; I care no longer now  
For fame, for fortune, or for empty  
praises:  
Rather than wear a crown upon my brow,  
I'd lie for ever here among the daisies.

So, you, who wish for fame, good friend,  
pass by;  
With you I surely cannot think to quarrel;  
Give me peace, rest, this bank whereon I  
lie,  
And spare me both the labor and the  
laurel!

## Flirting With a Ghost.

Two years ago I landed at Panama, on my  
route from California to the Atlantic states.  
The voyage down the Western coast had  
been remarkably delightful, the sea being  
glassy and untroubled, with just enough roll  
upon it to add to the romance and keep up  
the sensation of motion and progress, with-  
out disturbing the health or rest of the most  
feeble or susceptible; the air warm and  
bracing; the company on board so constitu-  
ted as to afford a union of many pleasant  
elements; the officers capable and obliging;  
in fact, everything combining in an unusual  
degree to impart social entertainment, phys-  
ical comfort, security and confidence. Day  
after day, as we forged rapidly onward past  
the not distant shore, the hours were given  
up to mirth, song and humor, so that many  
of us soon began to look forward with re-  
gret to the approaching termination of a  
voyage which had established so many genial  
intimacies and would leave behind it such  
very satisfying recollections.

I was not alone, having under my charge  
a young lady of about seventeen. She was  
on her way to finish her education at some  
celebrated New York boarding-school; and  
as she was lively and agreeable, and I stood  
indebted to her parents for many past atten-  
tions, I cheerfully accepted the trust of be-  
coming her escort. She was not exactly  
beautiful. If I were now writing a fiction,  
and therefore, without violence to con-  
science, could give full vent to my imagina-  
tion, nothing would please me better than  
to describe, in glowing and enthusiastic  
colors, her many personal attractions, mak-  
ing them all unite, after the usual style, in  
a creation of surpassing loveliness. But  
being about to narrate a circumstance which  
in its more surprising incidents may well  
challenge close attention and scrutiny, I feel  
that I cannot allow myself to depart from  
the exact truth in even the most unimpor-  
tant detail or accessory. I must therefore  
confess that she was not beautiful. She had  
handsome hair and teeth, a pure complexion,  
a well-shaped face and pleasant expres-  
sion, a properly proportioned figure, rather  
below than above the average height, and  
small hands and feet. These were her only  
physical claims to attraction. But I must  
further admit that she made up for any de-  
ficiencies with a gracefulness of manner and  
a sprightliness of conversation which rendered  
her almost bewitching, and almost in-  
variably at once gave her the advantage in  
social popularity over those who were con-  
tended her superiors in mere beauty of fea-  
ture or outline. Moreover, she was the most  
consummate flirt I had ever met with.

No one blamed her for that, since it was  
certain that she could not help it. It was  
born in her to attract, and it would have re-  
quired too much self-denial not to make the  
best and fullest use of her advantages. She  
would have flirted with her grandfather had  
there been no other victim at hand; and the  
old fellow would doubtless have succumbed  
within the hour, and anathematized the  
relics of the old Mosaic law forbidding mar-  
riages in the direct ascending or descending  
line. And I must not forget to state that  
she was not one of your common flirts, who  
compel surrender by old, stale tricks of con-  
versation or manner—tricks which are well  
known to all, and only succeed because they  
have been wont to succeed, and men are too  
lazy to avoid the snares so palpably set be-  
fore them. She never made great eyes at  
any one; or sought for introductions with  
display of enthusiastic encomiums, sure to  
be repeated, as they were meant to be; or  
inveigled timid men into corners and there  
flattered them into boldness; or, with wily  
devices, stole away the cavaliers of other  
maidens; or took pains to dance herself into  
notice. Her voice was low, her manner and  
actions retiring and unassuming; and there  
was nothing in what she ever said or did on  
account of which the slightest offence could  
be taken. But it was remarkable that she  
was never thrown into any company without  
being speedily its acknowledged belle and  
the centre of all attraction. How she did  
it I could hardly tell. I have even now no  
more than a mere suspicion. To the best  
of my knowledge, it was partly her eyes that  
did it, for she had a cute, queer little way  
of looking at one out of the corner of the  
lids that was perfectly irresistible. It was  
not a bold look, or an ardent glance or any-  
thing, indeed, that would be especially no-  
ticeable to a third party. A mere transient  
flicker—an electric tremor of the lid: what  
was it, in fact, or who could describe it?  
But whatever it might be, it seldom failed  
to bring down the most ebullient. And if  
that did not succeed, there was still another  
battery to unmask. This was a peculiarly  
effective turn of her under lip, emitting no  
sound, not much akin to a smile—something

between a pout and a pho-pho, perhaps—a  
motion evanescent as a sunbeam, and still  
less easy to be described than the other,  
but, if anything, rather more effective. For  
it was established beyond a doubt that if her  
eye failed in its effect, her under lip was sure  
to succeed, scarcely any one having been  
known to stand both tests unmoved. In-  
deed, I am inclined to the opinion that I am  
the only person who ever entirely escaped.  
I am disposed to attribute this immunity,  
first, to my age, for be it known that I am  
over thirty, and consequently somewhat ex-  
empt from the weaknesses which lead younger  
men into temptation; and, secondly, to a  
natural dignity of character and coldness of  
demeanor, which renders me as impenetrable  
to the shafts of Love as is the hide of a  
rhinoceros to the school-boy's blunted arrow.  
Be this as it may, the fact remains, that  
while upon the passage down the coast  
everybody, from the captain down to the  
humblest steward-boy, yielded to that irre-  
sistible influence which surrounded her, and,  
according to their stations, severally testified  
their sense of the captivity by devoted  
attentions or distant respect, I alone re-  
mained unconquered and unimpressed.

Upon reaching Panama, we had of course  
expected to cross at once upon the railroad,  
and thence take the steamer upon the other  
side. But at the wharf we found the com-  
pany's agent awaiting us with somewhat un-  
pleasant news. The Atlantic steamer had  
broken down; a shaft had burst, or the boat  
had been doing some one of those other things  
that boats are so fond of doing; and it would  
be about ten days before another steamer  
would be ready to take her place. Mean-  
while, we had better not think about cross-  
ing as yet, for the other side of the Isthmus  
was decidedly unhealthy at that season of  
the year, while the hotel accommodations were  
limited and poor. Panama was also  
rather to be preferred, while those who did  
not care to go into the town could retain  
their rooms upon the steamer. A large  
number of the passengers resolved to avail  
themselves of this permission, while others  
went ashore to seek other quarters. Among  
the latter were my fair charge and myself;  
for, however pleasant a vessel may be when  
gallantly carrying over the high seas, it  
seems a different affair when lying in port,  
grating sulkily against the pier, the water  
around it covered with rubbish and decayed  
fruit. Then, indeed, the poorest apart-  
ment on shore is better than the most  
sumptuous state-room on board. There-  
fore, packing into a portmanteau the neces-  
sary changes for a week, we stepped ashore  
and began to go the rounds of the few poor  
hotels.

For a time without success. There were  
but few hotels in Panama, and but one or  
two of these have a comfortable appearance.  
These were already filled with more active  
passengers, who had run thither upon the  
first suspicion of delay, and had thus se-  
cured all the most available rooms. Here  
and there some small, dark, corners were  
offered, with inflated encomiums upon their  
desirability; but we were not to be blinded  
so easily, and preferred to look farther. And  
so for an hour the search went on. The  
heat of the day had long passed over, and  
in this respect we had nothing to complain  
of; but, for all that, it is not a very delig-  
htful thing to be searching for a home in a  
strange city with a heavy portmanteau upon  
one's shoulder. And I naturally grew tired,  
and perhaps a little cross; when suddenly,  
upon turning a corner, we found ourselves  
in the little plaza before the cathedral.

Any one who has ever been in Panama  
must remember the cathedral—an immense  
stone structure, with two great towers  
quaintly ornamented with lines and circles  
of the pearl-oyster shell set into the mortar  
—a rough, tasteless pile, indeed, but, from  
its very size and age, producing an impres-  
sion of something grand and imposing. At  
any other time we should have looked upon  
it with interest, and perhaps have indulged  
in various romantic speculations and imagin-  
g about it. But at that moment we  
were footsore and tired, cared nothing for  
churches, were altogether devoted to hotels,  
and would have preferred a second-rate  
New York boarding-house to the basilica of  
St. Peter or the mosque of St. Sophia. Ac-  
cordingly, after a hasty and not over-criti-  
cal glance at the two great towers, we were  
about to pass hastily by, when I was struck  
with a little notice in the window of a kind  
of exchange office opposite: "Here speak  
English."

"Let us go in thither and inquire for  
more hotels," I said, calling her by her  
first name—a practice that I had thought  
best to introduce from the first, as thereby  
she might not stand so much in awe of my  
greater age, and our necessary communica-  
tions would be rendered more unembarrassed.

"Yes, we had better go in there, Gus,"  
she responded, calling me in turn by my first  
name, in order that—so that I—doing so, in  
fact, because it had occurred to both of  
us that it would be the better and more  
natural way while she continued under my  
charge.

Accordingly, we entered the little shop.  
The proprietor was a short, thick-set  
Spaniard—Don Miguel Something—with a  
swarthy face, broader at the bottom than at  
the top, a bullet-shaped head, beard and  
hair cut quite short, a keen, twinkling, vi-  
vacious eye, and rather a pleasant expres-  
sion of countenance. To my greeting he bowed  
quite civilly, gave me the names of two or  
three hotels where he had already made ap-  
plication, knew of no others, had been al-  
ready inquired of several times about the  
same matter, was sorry he could not help  
us; and with that was turning again to his  
books, when suddenly his face changed a lit-  
tle in expression, a new interest in us seem-  
ing to appear upon it, and he said, in a  
somewhat embarrassed manner:

"Would the senor and—the lady, his  
wife?"

"My sister," I explained, telling a little  
white lie after the manner of Abraham,  
though not for the same reason. In fact, I  
acted from impulse, not expecting to see  
him more than a moment longer, and it  
seemed easier in this way to explain my  
association with Lily than to make him, with  
all his peculiar national punctilious notions,  
comprehend how I could be travelling about  
with a young lady no relation to me, and  
yet no harm in it.

"Ah, yes—your sister. And now see I  
the likeness—a much stronger one indeed.  
Would the senor therefore deign to accept  
my hospitality for the next few days, until  
the steamer be ready on the other side? I  
have, in Old Panama, some two leagues from  
here, a residence: there my wife and I will  
be much proud to—"

Before he had fairly finished his polite  
and unanticipated invitation to us, I had  
guessed the solution of the mystery; and

excusing myself for a moment, I turned to  
Lily. She had been standing a little behind  
me, and now appeared to be serenely gazing  
out into the street in an abstracted and con-  
templative manner, counterfeiting, more-  
over, all at once, a singular interest in the  
architecture of the hotel. But I was not to  
be deceived with such a shallow piece of  
acting, and drawing her on one side, said  
sternly:

"This, now, is too much! You have  
been trying to flirt with this poor gentle-  
man!"

"I only looked at him once, Gus," she  
responded—"just a little glance to see how  
he appeared. And a cat may look at a king,  
you know."

"Exactly," I retorted. "And I under-  
stand precisely that look of yours and how  
you use it. What object, now, can you have  
in trying to fascinate this gentleman? And  
do you know what has been the result of  
your one little glance, as you call it? He has  
invited us to come out to his country-seat,  
and there, for the ensuing week, accept his  
hospitality!"

"And do you not think you ought to be  
more grateful to me for procuring you the  
invitation, Gus? Yes, of course we will go,  
for it will doubtless be very delightful.  
What do you call it—a rancho or a rancho?  
Perhaps it is a castle. And there will be  
bananas—trees growing around it, will there  
not? And all sorts of other queer things?  
Yes, to be sure we will go, for it will all be  
very romantic, I know, and will give me a  
great deal to write home."

"We will go if you behave yourself, but  
not otherwise," I said. "Promise me that  
you will not try to flirt with this worthy  
gentleman, or else we will have done with  
it, and will return to the steamer. You see,  
Lily, it won't do at all. It can give you no  
pleasure to have the poor man drawn into  
any of your ridiculous traps, and it may do  
mischievous. He has a wife, and Spanish wives  
have the reputation of getting jealous easily.  
Stiletos are a part of their customary or-  
naments, I have heard. Perhaps it is that  
watches are taxed and stiletos are not. And  
though you are seeking for romance, and it  
may be very romantic, indeed, to be stabbed  
in a dark corner by an infuriated donna, yet  
it would not be pleasant, and I could hardly  
explain the matter satisfactorily to your  
father."

"But, Gus, I must flirt with some one,  
you know," she pleadingly responded.

"Then flirt with the muleteer or the neigh-  
boring miller, if there be one; and I sup-  
pose the Spanish race have millers, or else  
how could Don Quixote have encountered  
windmills? Only promise to respect this gen-  
tleman. It is all I ask."

"I promise," she faintly said—so anxious,  
indeed, to see what an Isthmus country-  
house was like that she would have given up  
almost everything. And feeling at rest upon  
that score—for I knew that she would not  
deceive me—I turned again to Don Miguel,  
apologized for my delay in answering him,  
said that I had taken counsel with my sister,  
and that we had concluded to accept his  
kind invitation—that words could not ex-  
press the deep gratitude we felt, and the  
like. I was a little ashamed, if the truth  
must be told, at the readiness with which  
we had met the courtesies of a total stranger,  
but we were severely pressed; and I felt  
moreover, that the invitation had not been  
extended as a mere compliment, but that we  
would really be very welcome.

Don Miguel bowed low to myself, ex-  
pressed his thankfulness that we had deigned  
to honor him; then bowed low to Lily, then  
to both of us together. I bowed in return;  
Lily bestowed upon him a sweet smile, but  
honourably kept to her contract, and moved  
neither eye nor lip with treacherous intent;  
and so we prepared to depart, for the sun  
was now near its setting point, and it hap-  
pened that already our host's equipage was  
waiting for him before the door. And as  
we had all our necessary luggage with us,  
there was no need of delay. Accordingly,  
we got into the vehicle—a low, open wagon,  
drawn by two mules; the Don took a seat in  
front of us; a swarthy Indian half-breed  
climbed into the driver's seat, and with a  
long lash whipped the animals into a steady  
trot, and so we rolled away over the rough  
pavement toward the open country.

Through narrow streets, where the over-  
hanging balconies of the opposite houses  
almost met—along broader ways, where  
were a few fruit-shops—a plaza flanked  
with a dull, dark, windowless convent, in  
front of which stood a tall stone cross upon  
three high steps—past a ruined church, with  
a banana tree growing up in the open door-  
way—then through one of the city gates—  
and so out into the open country, while,  
from every cracked bell of each steeple be-  
hind us, the Angelus rang out in discordant  
peal. After that ensued a somewhat mo-  
notonous drive through the unvaried roads  
of the suburbs, lined upon either side with  
thick tropical forests, having here and there  
a break, through which we could see a small  
native hut, with a little clearing about it,  
or perhaps gain a distant view of the bay. In  
about half an hour there came a sudden  
turn of the road, bringing us to higher land  
and a more extended prospect. We were  
now nearer the water, where, within a few  
yards, sparkled in the setting sun the waves  
that may have rolled over from the Asiatic  
coast, now rippling on the beach with a low,  
soft murmur, like the sigh of one who has  
at last arrived at the end of a long journey  
and may prepare to take his pleasant rest.  
And before us was Old Panama—to all ap-  
pearance a mass of modern huts and ancient  
ruins—here a knot of rough bamboo erec-  
tions, with half-naked natives squatting at  
the doorways; there a mound overgrown  
with vines and bushes, and only by its eleva-  
tion showing that piles of crumbling walls  
lay beneath; and yonder a little church, not  
exactly in ruins, but sadly out of repair, and  
already half covered with the tropical over-  
growth which so surely invites decay. And  
most prominently of all things, before us  
appeared a pile of something which might  
have been a convent or fort or barracks, but  
which, as we came nearer, resolved itself  
into an extended private of no very great  
size, but made to appear much more im-  
posing than it actually was by the tall adobe  
wall built at some distance about it, so as to  
form a considerable enclosure or court-yard  
within. This was the home of our host;  
and beneath a wide archway in the wall the  
carriage now drove into the central court,  
where the mules stopped of their own ac-  
cord, and the native driver, throwing him-  
self off his seat with a loud whoop, flung  
open the door for us to descend. Entering  
the house, we were at once shown into two  
separate and adjoining rooms, having for the  
moment but little time to make any ex-  
tended observation of the place. All that I  
noticed at the time was, that the house  
seemed to have been erected at different pe-

riods, a portion of it appearing to be quite  
new, while the rest bore marks of extreme  
age, the difference between the two being  
quite perceptible, since the one portion was  
joined abruptly upon the other, the line of  
junction commencing about midway at the  
bottom, and running off in a jagged course  
upward and toward the west, until at the  
top the newer part spread over very nearly  
the whole roof, leaving of the original build-  
ing but a single small tower.

And now I come to the wonderful portion  
of my story—a matter so surprising, indeed,  
that I can scarcely expect any one, in these  
unbelieving and practical days, will credit  
it. Indeed, I have never yet found any per-  
son who, upon my verbal narration of it,  
would yield me his conviction; but, on the  
contrary, I have always been met with an  
incredulous shake of the head, or at the  
best with silent stolidity. Under these cir-  
cumstances I almost fear to continue, and  
perhaps would even now break off and leave  
my story all untold, were it not that I feel  
assured there must somewhere in the world  
be those who are accustomed to deal chari-  
tably with strange realities; not blindly  
scoffing at what they cannot for the moment  
explain, but willing to acknowledge that  
there are yet many things which, though  
beyond our comprehension, may still be  
true, and hereafter, perhaps, capable of  
satisfactory elucidation. To my personal  
friends I can only say that, however singular  
my story may appear, they must remember  
that I have always borne the reputation of  
being one who, both from natural solidity  
of character and sedateness of demeanor, as  
well as from an utter absence of the imagi-  
native faculties, has in his temperament not  
the slightest affinity with what is commonly  
called romance; and that, moreover, there  
can be no object to be gained by detailing  
circumstances which have not occurred;  
and therefore they should well weigh, not  
merely the probabilities, but also the possi-  
bilities, of my narrative before making up  
their minds to discredit it.

Well, we had just completed our toilets  
when our host summoned us to dinner; and,  
guided by him, we entered the dining-room  
—a large, somewhat unfurnished, and, to  
our Northern eyes, dreary-looking apart-  
ment, though doubtless it had all the decora-  
tions and conveniences that could be re-  
quired in that climate. In the centre stood  
a long table, having upon it a sumptuous  
repast of vegetables, fruits, wines, coffee  
and a little meat. At each side two plates  
were laid out, and at the end a single plate.  
Near the door Don Miguel's wife, a  
short, stout woman, who, by her extremely  
dark complexion, seemed to be of more  
mixed blood than herself. She was arrayed  
in rather a profusion of jewelry, had fine  
eyes and teeth, and had evidently once been  
handsome, but had bravely gotten over it,  
though still retaining a pleasant, affable ex-  
pression of countenance. Not having been  
much accustomed to see strangers, probably,  
she received us with some embarrassment,  
not speaking a word in reply to our mut-  
tered salutations; and I may as well say  
here that, whether from a lack of knowledge  
of the English language or from natural dif-  
fidence, she never opened her mouth during  
the whole time of our visit, but maintained  
a rigid silence, doing such of the honors as  
fell to her lot in utter taciturnity—softening  
her features into an occasional smile, how-  
ever, in order to mark her approval of us.  
Hearty and good-natured in appearance, she  
was by no means the person who would take  
sudden fits of jealousy and handle revengeful  
stiletos in dark corners; and I noticed that  
Lily looked up pleadingly at me, as though  
seeking to be released from her promise.  
But I was obstinate, affected not to notice  
the glance, and only attended to the cour-  
teous motion with which Don Miguel waved  
us to our places at the table.

I had supposed, of course, that he would  
assume the head of the table; but to my  
surprise, placing Lily at his right hand, he  
stood at one side, while his wife and myself,  
in obedience to his gesture, went opposite.  
Here for a moment we remained, when sud-  
denly there appeared at the head of the  
table a fifth figure, who saluted us gravely,  
upon which, with a like inclination of the  
head, we all sat down. At the instant I did  
not take particular notice of this person, not  
looking at him, in fact, otherwise than with  
a casual glance out of the corner of my eye,  
so that I saw only the outline of his form.  
A father or elder brother, was my natural  
supposition, or, if not, clearly some other  
relative, entitled, by the custom of the place,  
to the post of honor.

But when, a moment after being seated, I  
glanced more deliberately at the stranger,  
there was something about him that sent a  
chill through my veins and seemed to freeze  
my power of speech. This man—if man or  
human being it was, and from the first,  
though I had no especial belief in the super-  
natural, I felt a sudden doubt of the fact—  
was tall and thin, and arrayed in a costume  
such as I had never before beheld. It was  
the costume of a warrior of past days, in-  
deed, clad in breastplate and gauntlets, and  
with clumsy, basket-hilted sword at his side,  
while the doublet beneath was slashed and  
tied with points and ribbons, and below his  
dress was gathered into a heavy fold above  
the knee, the leg further down being dis-  
played in well-shaped tights. Altogether a  
singular costume, but yet it was not that  
which impressed me the most. The dress  
itself might possibly be the fancy of some  
eccentric old citizen, attached to the cus-  
toms of past days, even as with us there will  
occasionally be one who affects the cocked  
hat, long queue and big shoe-buckles of  
Revolutionary times. But it was rather the  
air and attitude of the man that startled me.  
The face was grim and thin, and the beard,  
descending to a point, made it appear yet  
grimmer and thinner. And his eyes were  
set with an unearthly, ghastly stare; not  
like the eyes of any living man that I had  
ever yet seen, but with a vacant and soul-  
less look, as though all actual expression  
had faded away, leaving nothing but the  
dim, sightless, spiritless orbs. Turning his  
head neither to the right nor left, and after  
his first courteous salutation, seeming to  
take no notice of any of us, but rather to  
gaze off into some far-distant region, there  
he sat, touching nothing before him, and  
appearing like some old-fashioned figure-  
head affixed to the table, or like the death's  
head at an Egyptian feast. Was it strange  
that after my first impulse of curiosity was  
satisfied, I felt convinced I was looking upon  
something other than mortal? And then I  
remembered that I had not seen him enter—  
that no door had opened to admit him—but  
that he had suddenly appeared, as though  
he had risen from the ground or been cre-  
ated out of the air. Again that chill went  
through me, and I began to wish that I was  
elsewhere—on the steamer in a storm, any-  
where than where I was; and I stealthily  
glanced around the table to see how my

companions might take the matter. And  
first I looked at Lily, but she sat cool and  
collected, a model of hardihood and prop-  
riety. It was scarcely possible that she  
had failed to see all that I had seen, for I  
never yet knew anything escape her active  
eyes. At the least, she must have taken  
notice of the stranger's queer costume. But  
there she sat, without a flush upon her face  
or a tremor upon her lip. I had always  
known that she was afraid of nothing; but  
now, that she could so easily adapt herself  
to the society of spirits, what hope could I  
have of her? Then, looking toward my host  
and hostess, I saw that they also appeared  
unmoved, though rather grave and quietly  
disposed. Only the former gave evidence of  
any perception that there was a fifth person  
present at all, and he did so with a certain  
significant expression, as though he would  
have me defer my curiosity until he might  
be more at liberty to enlighten me.

Accordingly, I held my peace, and as  
much as possible avoided any direct obser-  
vation of the stranger; only occasionally,  
as I could not help it, casting a sly glance  
in his direction out of the corner of my eye,  
and then looking away again as I saw that  
he preserved throughout all the same un-  
varying, stony, imperceptive stare, touching  
nothing that lay before him, and only for a  
single instant appearing to notice us. This  
was when Don Miguel, filling the wine-  
glasses, bowed slightly and deferentially to-  
ward the end of the table; whereupon the  
stranger bowed in return, almost imme-  
diately thereafter resuming his old attitude  
and expression. Thus the dinner went on,  
myself in something of a nervous tremor,  
my host and hostess grave, dignified and un-  
demonstrative, and Lily unblushingly rat-  
tling away, as though ghosts or masquer-  
aders had been the ordinary companions of  
her life. All this was intolerable to me, and  
there were times when I felt like rushing  
from the table at any expense of courtesy  
and demanding to be taken back to Panama.  
But at length the dinner ended; the last  
bananas were eaten and the last nut cracked.  
Then our host arose. The stranger also  
arose, returned in dignified manner our salu-  
tations and slowly walked away, his heavy  
basket-hilted sword clattering at his side.  
But I could not help noticing that before he  
had fairly crossed the room, and while yet  
within several feet of the door, he seemed  
to vanish or melt away, as though he had  
been carried out of the mist.

"And now tell me all about him. Who  
is he?" inquired Lily, with a ringing laugh,  
turning to our host. I was about to re-  
proach her for what might all be considered  
a social impertinence, but Don Miguel  
came between us and protected her.

"It is well," he said. "Your sister is  
curious to know; why not, then, ask? For  
myself, it gave me pleasure much to tell  
her. That was I about to do, he said.  
Therefore now sit you both down again, and  
I will narrate to you all I know concerning  
it; which is not much, to be sure."

Thereupon we sat down, grouping our-  
selves carelessly about him, and he gave us  
the whole story as well as he was able, pro-  
tracting with his broken English what might  
have been told in fewer words.

Until the previous spring he had lived in  
Panama, quietly and uneventfully. But  
having prospered in business, and being  
moreover inclined to a country life, he had  
purchased a large plot of ground within the  
limits of Old Panama, the place where the  
original seaport had been located. It con-  
tained only ruins and a few native huts, but  
the region was comparatively healthy and  
the view was pleasant. Therefore, marking  
out his foundation, he had put up that large,  
roomy residence. Not building it entirely  
anew, though, for it chanced that there  
stood upon his grounds the remains of an  
old erection, two, three or more centuries  
old—who could tell? These ruins were so  
stout and well cemented that the tempta-  
tion to adopt a portion of them was not  
to be disregarded. The new portion of his  
house was therefore continued upon the old;  
thus saving the cost of almost all the founda-  
tion, a large surface of wall, and a goodly  
piece of the lower flooring; and thus, in  
less time than would otherwise have been  
required, there was a pleasant and substan-  
tial residence where before there had been  
an unsightly waste.

The Don and his wife were well pleased  
with the result, and fondly looked forward  
to years of tranquil and uninterrupted en-  
joyment. But upon the very day of their  
arrival, when they proceeded to sit down at  
their first meal, they beheld this singular  
ghostly figure standing solemnly at the head  
of the table. For a moment they thought  
that it was a trick of some friend coming  
among them in masquerading guise, but al-  
most immediately the lifeless, spectre-like  
gaze from those eyes struck them with af-  
fright; and the Don, instead of insisting  
upon his rightful seat, sank down trembling  
at the side of his wife, near the other end  
of the table. As may be imagined, the meal  
was not a cheerful one, their silent attention  
being fixed upon the intruder, who sat calm  
and motionless, touching nothing, and ap-  
parently gazing into some distant region,  
rather than taking any notice of themselves.  
When, at the end of the short repast, they  
arose, he also raised himself, bowed solemnly  
to them and so departed, moving a step or  
two toward the door, and seeming to  
vanish into thin air before he had reached  
it. At the next meal and the next it was  
the same, and so on, in fact, ever since  
that time. At first, they talked of moving  
away and leaving the stranger in full  
possession; but little by little, as time  
passed on and it became evident that no  
harm was intended, they abandoned the  
ruinous idea. And, after all, it was no very  
great harm to sit down twice a day with  
that apparently inoffensive spirit; though  
it must be confessed that, as he never spoke  
to them and they did not dare to address  
him, his presence scarcely produced an en-  
livening effect. Once, in a fit of despera-  
tion, the Don had come to the table early  
and taken his rightful seat at its head. The  
stranger appearing and finding his place oc-  
cupied, had simply frowned and stalked  
away with an air of offended dignity. They  
thought then that he had left them forever;  
but that night there were strange noises  
about the house, and shrill cries seemed to  
float in the air, and the next morning no-  
thing went right in business matters. They  
were glad, therefore, to leave the chair of  
honor once more vacant and so invite him  
back again, lest his displeasure might lead to  
further annoyances and losses.

And did they never see him excepting at  
the table? I inquired.

Yes; now and then he was encountered  
stalking gloomily up and down the hall, and,  
upon meeting any of the family, would cour-  
teously step aside to let them pass, gravely  
bowing as he did so. There was a portion  
of the old building which had contained a



recess hardly large enough to be called a room, though in its day it might have been occupied as such. As the rebuilding of the place had been converted into a lumber-closet, but the ghost had several times been seen to go in thither, as though he claimed it for his own quarters. Consequently, as might be imagined, it had been left to him altogether, no one caring to follow him and dispute its possession.

But did he never speak? Did they have no conjecture as to who he might be?

No; he had never uttered a word. Possibly he was not permitted to converse with mortals, or it might be that, being a spirit, he was unable to talk. Once, however, a sheet of paper having been accidentally left upon the table, he had stooped over and written something that might have been intended for a name, as another person would introduce himself by leaving a card. And here the Don, rising took down the paper from behind his bookcase. There was a single character in the centre, poorly written, as would be natural with one belonging to the olden time—something that might have been a name crudely jumbled up into confusion, or might have been a quaint device after the style of an antique monogram. Whatever it might be no one could conjecture, and the matter was all as dark as before. After this, paper had been purposely left in the phantom's way, in the hope that he would further try to define himself, but all in vain. As though the first essay should be held sufficient, he had never made another attempt to enlighten their ignorance.

But, in fine, who is he, and what does it all mean?

Who knew, indeed? He was probably some cavalier of other days—perhaps of two or three centuries past. That fact his costume seemed to establish. And he had doubtless once lived in that house, else why should he now linger so pertinaciously about it? If any supposition could be formed at all, it was that, having once resided there, he considered it still his own house, regarding the rebuilding and additions simply in the light of a restoration; that upon this principle he looked upon the Don and his wife, not as the owners of the property, but rather as guests; and that he daily appeared at table in the post of honor for no other reason than that he might entertain and honor them with his presence, possibly doing so at considerable inconvenience to himself. But, after all, this was only a conjecture, though perhaps the most plausible one that could be framed. And if it were a true one, it naturally led to a further inquiry: Might not the spectre some day get the idea that they had stayed long enough as guests, and so set himself at work to make it uncomfortable for them? In fact, while the present was a mystery, the future was entirely dark and uncertain.

This was all that the Don could tell me, and of course I could be of no assistance to him. But the story impressed me deeply, and indeed contributed somewhat to my satisfaction, since I had been apprehensive that, after the first novelty was over, my visit might prove monotonous; and I could now give myself both amusement and employment in watching the spectre, for I felt that I need no longer be apprehensive of him. If the Don had so long been treated with civility as a guest, how much more would Lily and myself be entitled to courtesy as doubly guests? Therefore, while wondering about each day from sea shore to little church in desperate attendance at occupation, I constantly looked forward with eagerness to the recurrence of each meal, finding the chief pleasure of my life in sitting at the long table and stealthily watching the ghost.

For a day or two all went on as at the first. We took our usual places; he then came in; we courteously bowed to each other and then sat down. As before, the spectre remained motionless and abstracted, eating and drinking nothing, and taking no notice of us other than to bend in acknowledgment of the customary toast, and also to salute us gravely upon his departure. Then, little by little, I began to notice a change in him. His bow became more gracious, abating something from its stateliness and acquiring a kind of friendly deference. Then his eye lost a little of its vacant, far-seeing stare, a new kind of light seeming to come into it, warming his expression, as it were, into something of interest in what transpired nearer at hand. Once his features broke into a kind and not unpleasant smile. And I noticed at last that instead of looking upon his sitting as a stately ceremony, to be terminated as speedily as possible, he became reluctant to leave the table, rising up with a dissatisfied air, like one who is compelled to leave an agreeable party. All this change of manner, coming on within two or three days, surprised me greatly, and was not without its confusing effect upon the Don; and it was not until the fourth day that I fathomed the mystery. Then, happening to cast my eyes suddenly upon Lily, I saw that, although she was meekly pretending to look into her plate, her face was slightly turned toward the head of the table; that there was the old dangerous twinkle under the corner of her eyelid; that her under lip was getting ready for its part in fine, that the foolish girl was actually flirting with the ghost!

Startled and worried, I took the earliest opportunity to speak with her, firm in the resolution to give her a good scolding. She saw me coming, read my intention in my face, and at once proceeded to attempt a diversion. Drawing from her pocket an old letter from one of her New York acquaintances, she said, with a sweet, artless smile:

"I am so glad you have come to see me. I wish to read you a letter I received last month from dear Jenny."

"I have heard that letter a dozen times already," I said. "And I do not like your dear Jenny, who writes a great deal of nonsense and spells curbstones with a k. Now do be serious, Lily, and listen to me. What is the meaning of this conduct of yours at the table—this trifling with the feelings of the ghost? Whoever heard of such a thing before? You must give him up—indeed you must."

"If I give up the ghost, I shall die," she answered. "It was a very foolish and ill-timed pun, and I resolved to take no notice of it."

"I really believe you would die if you could not flirt," I said. "But now, do you not see the danger of your present course?" "What danger can there be?" she responded. "Is it not the safest thing I could do? If I flirt with men, they all want to marry me, and that is inconvenient. But a ghost could not marry me. On the contrary, he might prove a good friend to me, and show me where money is buried, and all that. And you know—"

"I know that you are a very silly girl, and I suppose you will insist upon your own way. Only remember that I have warned you," I responded. And this was all I said, though I had come meaning to scold her; for though, by reason of my superior age and gravity and sedateness of character, all her arts were lost upon me, and I was not to be inveigled as other men were, yet there was something in the way she sometimes looked at me that fairly disarmed me, appealing to my pity, I suppose, so that I could never bear to be harsh with her. Therefore I now let her go without another word of remonstrance. And she, disregarding my caution, but rather acting as though with my permission, from that time carried on such a course of deep and dangerous coquetting that I became fairly bewildered with the depth of her powers and the magnificence of her execution.

For never yet did ghosts have a harder time than this one upon whom she now practiced her subtle arts. Hamlet's father was supposed to be miserable enough, but at least he knew his fate and what he had to expect, and was only fettered by his freedom at certain set periods, which he could easily remember. But this ghost of Lily's was not only kept in a continual state of uncertainty and bewilderment, and tormented with all the usual ups and downs of hope and despair which commonly beset a lover's mind, but his very hours were no longer his own, his daily regularity of his life being constantly disturbed; for now Lily, under pretence of making prolonged explorations of the surrounding country, would wander off and return long past the usual hour for dining, so that often the ghost, coming in at the proper time, would find the family not yet assembled, and would be obliged to wait dependently for many minutes before taking his accustomed seat. And when he was in his place, she would continually, with artful glances, provoke him to new extravagances, but all the while executing her work so cunningly and demurely that the Don had not the slightest suspicion of her agency in the matter, but rather imputed the change in the spectre's conduct to the natural exhilaration created in a long-accustomed nature by sudden introduction to new and lively society.

His eye constantly grew brighter and more life-like, his fits of abstracted gaze less frequent. He paid increased attention to what went on at table, until at times, for many minutes together, his face beamed with a steady smile. Once, at some merry speech of Lily's, he threw himself back in his chair, and opened his mouth as if in convulsions of laughter, though not the slightest sound came from his throat. Again, apparently making up his mind that it would be proper to be more socially inclined, he watched when the Don drank the usual toast, and instead of contenting himself with a stately bow, filled a glass from the decanter and placed it to his lips—not swallowing anything, however, perhaps from being forbidden to drink wine, or perhaps from having no stomach under that doublet and breast-plate. And he would purposely prolong the repast as far as possible, and upon leaving would turn around with more than one farewell glance of idolatry and passion before melting away. It seemed, too, as though now more than ever before, he was encountered in the long passages of the house, and that he always contrived it so as to meet Lily. At last his devotion to her culminated in an act so grotesque and singular that, as I now recall it, I think of it rather as a dream than as sober reality.

It was a little before midnight when I was aroused by a hurried knock. I had not yet undressed myself, and instantly opening the door, saw Lily standing outside, with her dress and shawl thrown hurriedly upon her.

"Come out here," she exclaimed, "and tell me what you make out of all this."

In our passage-way there was a window commanding a view of the court yard below. The moon shone brightly, and upon gazing down I saw the ghost standing beneath Lily's room. He was dressed as usual in doublet and breast-plate, but now he wore in addition, a richly-plumed cap. In his hand he held an old guitar, without any strings, upon which with the fingers of one hand he went through the motions of executing an air, while his mouth opened and shut as though he was accompanying the notes with a song. Of course not a sound came from the old stringless guitar, nor yet from his lips. As he thus stood, and let his fingers play upon the sounding board, as though pinching vibrating strings, and moved his mouth to some hidden metre, opening and closing his jaws, now with a spasmodic jerk, and again with a slow, protracted motion, according as the exigencies of the song required; and looked languishing up at the window, advancing and receding with a series of low bows; and rolled up his eyes to the moon, throwing into his sober old face all the expressions of strong passion, not a sound all the while being heard; it formed altogether such a ludicrous picture that I could scarcely keep from laughing aloud. Lily, less cautious, did actually emit from time to time a little squeak of merriment. At last the song seemed to end, and the serenade with it. Tucking the guitar under his arm, the ghost looked up for applause. Fully bent upon carrying out the frolic to the utmost, Lily broke a rosebud from a vine that grew close to the window, and tossed it down to him. He gallantly picked it up, kissed it ardently, then stepped back a pace or two, and, so waving his hand, vanished into this air, after his usual manner.

All very amusing, indeed; but I was grievously tormented in my mind with the fear lest Lily might carry the matter so far as to make mischief; more especially when I saw the ghost appear at breakfast with the rosebud sticking out from a slash in his doublet, and with a smile upon his grim face, as though with the conscious assurance of having been beautifully favored in the lists of love. I was therefore never in my life more delighted than when a few moments after there came a special message to me from Panama. The disabled steamer had been replaced; the cars would start for the other side of the Isthmus in two or three hours; we had not a moment to lose, and by night we should be careering over the Caribbean Sea, leaving the tropics far behind us. All was at once confusion as we made up our little parcels and bade good-bye forever to our kind host and to his quiet, unsophisticated wife. And as I thought upon the strange scenes of the past few days, I resolved that I would never again take charge of another wild young lady, nor would I lose this one from sight until I had fairly removed her from all further danger.

A prudent determination, probably; for, as we walked the last time from our rooms through the long hall, who should appear but the ghost? His costume was the finest,

his breastplate burnished, his slashed doublet tied with new ribbons, the rose still in his bosom, and a ring in his outstretched hand. A queer, quaint old ring, I could see at a glance, made of beaten gold and having what appeared to be a jewel of some value set in the centre. One of those old-fashioned pieces of the workmanship of a past day, indeed, which derive their value partly from their age, and with a little alteration of the setting would serve for ring, button, or brooch, as the taste of the wearer might dictate. Holding the forth with a low bow, the ghost made as though he would present it to Lily, who upon her part looked irresolute and sorely tempted to accept it. But I dashed between them, and the ghost, with no very pleasant expression upon his grim visage, stalked wrathfully away, his old sword rattling against the stairs as he reached the end of the passage and began to climb up to what was considered his special apartment.

"Are you crazy?" I exclaimed to Lily, in response to her momentary look of indignation. "Do you feel sure that he offered that ring to you simply as a complimentary parting gift? May he not rather have chosen to consider it a betrothal pledge?"

"How foolish you are, Gus!" she somewhat savagely retorted. "Have I not already told you that the chief safety with a ghost lies in the fact that you cannot marry him?"

"Not marry him? Of course not. But, for all that, a ghost who imagines that he has a house, and that he must entertain its real owners as his guests, may well be capable of fancying that he is the betrothed cavalier of a blooming young lady. You do not know ghosts as well as I do," I continued, pretending to an immense experience in the article. "Would you be pleased if, under the mistaken impression that you had accepted him, he were to follow you to New York? I do not know whether he is tied down to this place otherwise than from choice or past association. I presume that he could travel about if he wanted to. A pretty acquisition he would be to your boarding-school dinner-table, would he not? Now, then, say good-bye to our friends and let us be off."

A hasty adieu, a jump into the little carriage, and a crack of the whip; and so, under charge of the half-breed driver, we were whirled away, my spirits gradually rising as we swept farther and farther along from the haunted house. Haunted no longer, perhaps, I reflected with some trepidation, for what if the phantom should actually take it into his head to follow us? What if even now he were to rise out of the ground and take his place on the seat beside Lily. Or, if we were really freed from him for ever, might we not have brought dire trouble upon our entertainers? For the deserted lover might become cross and ill-tempered after our departure, and make the house too hot for those whom he called his guests. But, on the other hand, he might take his affliction so much to heart as to pine away, becoming the ghost of the ghost of himself, and so entirely disappear from among them.

Whatever the issue of it, I never heard. Gradually we left the house behind us, the open country became wooded road, the city gates appeared, and we rolled rapidly once more over the rough stone streets, through narrow passages, along open plazas, and past the old cathedral; and so on to the railroad, where, in a few minutes, I saw Lily safely tucked away in a convenient seat of the middle car.

There was still an hour to spare, and I turned again into the city to make a few purchases. First, a little fruit, then a Panama hat, and after that I betought myself to gather together some light reading for the voyage up. Near the rear of the cathedral was a small book-stall of limited capacity and offering few inducements to purchasers. A few Spanish novels, an assortment of religious books—these seemed all. But I noticed upon an upper shelf a very old volume—so dingy, indeed, that I lifted it down for closer examination. It was a century or two old, and contained the lives and exploits of a dozen or two of the most celebrated Spanish cavaliers, with rough engravings. As I turned it hastily over, I came across what for the moment seemed to freeze my blood; for there was the portrait of the ghost—life-like and unmistakable, in spite of the inartistic execution of the cut. And, as though to resolve all chance of remaining doubt, beneath it was a fac-simile of his signature—none other, in fact, than the same queer, jumbled scribble of characters which Don Miguel had shown us for our bewilderment. I gave one hasty glance at the letter press accompanying the portrait; and then, purchasing the book without dispute about the first named price, rushed back to the cars.

"There, there!" I exclaimed to Lily, thrusting the open volume before her. "Do you not recognize me? Now, at last, you have something to write home about! Whom do you think you have been flirting with for so long? Look! As I live, with none other than old Vasco Nunes de Balboa himself!"—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

LARGE RAFT.—A raft of "giant logs" recently floated down the Rhine, for Holland, upon which were houses, yards, and pens for cattle, and a population of six hundred persons. It was 900 feet in length or thereabouts, and carried an entire village. At least five hundred men are required to steer it safely through the rapids, such as are met with under the Lurle or Bingen Lock. This they do by means of long poles, which extend into the water, but it is hard work, and requires both a skillful hand and a practiced eye, as well as great knowledge of the rocks, shoals, and whirlpools of the river. An eye witness says: "Old women are spinning at the doors of the little houses; young ladies, with flaxen hair and very verdant looks, are sewing or peeling potatoes; young men are lounging about in the sun, smoking long pipes and chatting among themselves. Under a large shed the dinner is cooking, enough for the entire village. It is a gay scene, and just one's idea of 'roughing it.'"

A little girl, just past her fifth year, while chattering about the beaux that visited two ladies in the same house, being asked, "What do you mean by beaux, Annie?" replied, "Why, I mean men that have not got much sense." Massachusetts seems to be degenerating. It has been noted that she did not produce one first-class General or seaman during the war, and now it is said that a negro has carried off the honors at Harvard College. Her college students also had a shameful row recently while visiting Worcester.

## TENNYSON AND LONGFELLOW.

FROM THE LONDON JUDY.

Mr. Longfellow goes on a visit to the poet laureate. He is met at the station by his host.

Mr. Tennyson (*log*):

"Should you ask me, H. W. L., if that I am glad to see you, I should answer, I should tell you; I will smoke the fragrant peace-pipe; I should answer, I should tell you; From the great lakes of the Northland, Where once dwelt the grim Ojibways (Not to mention the Dacotahs.) Where the pumpkin, squash, and green-backs, Apple-saw and wooden nutmegs, Flourish in their wild profusion, O! I bid thee hearty welcome, O musician and sweet singer!"

The reply of Mr. Longfellow must inevitably be as follows:

"I hold it truth with those who say (I don't exactly know their names) That poets who have equal fames Should meet thus in a friendly way. Tho' ocean waves they rise and fall (And I was ill when tempest tossed) 'Tis better to've been ill and crossed Than never to have crossed at all."

Mr. Tennyson (*log*):

"This isn't the forest primeval; the murmuring trees and the hemlocks Bearded with moss, are not here; nor, indistinct in the twilight, Do they like the Druids of old stand; nor with wine of Catawba Can we regale you here, as it grows by the Beautiful River; But such as I have at your service, I place—port, sherry, and bitter Beer brewed by Bass shall be yours; and now let us go into dinner."

[The poets will then dine.]

At such moments, meaner mortals, like Judy and her readers, must not intrude upon them—at any rate until the cloth is withdrawn, when Mr. Longfellow will thus address his host:

"Comrade, I have dined extremely well; and as since early dawn I have tasted naught but beer, and of that only one small horn, You may guess that I enjoy it; and this truth the poet sings, That no matter how ethereal, poets suffer hunger's stings. If perhaps that you'll excuse me, I should like to go to bed, And in slumber sleep my senses, also rest my weary head."

[Whereupon Mr. Tennyson will ring for candles, and escort his guest to his room.] Arrived at the bedroom door, it is perfectly certain he will then say:

"If you're waking, call me early, call me early, Alfred dear, I find it, after London, really very pleasant here; And as a walk ere breakfast I admire, if fine the day, Let us go to-morrow morning—yes I only hope we may."

At this point the American bard retires to his couch, shutting his door. His host, however, gives a final vent to his Longfellowian feelings in these words:

"Stars of the summer night, High in your azure deeps, Not too much golden light—He sleeps, My William sleeps, Sleeps. Dreams of the summer night; Don't, please, with nightmare keep Him broad awake to-night; But sleep—Yes, let him sleep, Sleep."

[The scene here closes.]

## An Ancient Battle.

Free from the smoke of a modern engagement, a Hellenic battle must have been a gallant sight. In purple tunics and burnished armor the men stood ten, fifteen and twenty deep, beneath a glittering forest of spear-heads. Those who were well-to-do had no lack of gold about their greaves and breast-plates, and were clad in plumes and sword-belts; while even the poorest citizen wore a helmet fashioned by the exquisite taste of a Greek artificer. It must have been a trial of the nerves of the bravest to stand biting his moustache; humming a bar of the *Pæan* which he was to sing within the next quarter of an hour; wondering whether his widow would marry him again; hoping that the cobbler on his right might not turn tall, or the teacher of gymnastics on his left shew him out of the line; dimly conscious meanwhile that his colonel was exhorting him in a series of well-tuned periods to be true to himself, of the tomb which covered those who died in Thermopylae, and the trophy which stood on the beach at Artemisium. And then the signal-trumpet sounded, and the music struck up, and the whole army moved forward, steadily at first, but breaking into a run when only a few hundred yards separated the approaching lines. And, as the distance between grew shorter, and the tramp of the enemy mingled with their own, the front rank men had just time to try and imagine that the countenance of the people opposite looked like flinching, and that the notes of their war-chant had begun to falter, and the next second there would be a crash of pikes, and a grating of bucklers, and a clashing of beards; and those who would fain be home again were pushed on by the mass behind, excited at hearing others fighting, and with no steel at its own throat; and, after five minutes of thrusting, and shouting, and fierce straining of foot and knee, and shoulder, the less determined or the worse disciplined of the two hosts would learn, by more cruel experience, the old lesson, that life as well as honor is for those who retain their self-respect and their shields.

It is a poor rule that won't work both ways. If men ought to labor but eight hours a day, why should their wives be obliged to toil longer? It is said that an eight-hour-a-day man, on going home the other evening for his supper, found his wife sitting in her best clothes on the front stoop, reading a volume of travels. "How is this?" he exclaimed. "Where's my supper?" "I don't know," replied the wife; "I began to get breakfast at 6 o'clock this morning, and my eight hours ended at 2 P. M."

## THE LADY'S FRIEND.

### Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelties for this year:—

A DEAD MAN'S RULE. By Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c. THE DEBARRY FORTUNE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," &c. STEPHEN DANE. By Stephen Dane, &c. FLEEING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "Jane Clifford," &c. These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hooper, Frances Lee, &c., &c. The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

### The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings, illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

### BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

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TERMS: \$2.50 A YEAR.

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We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums (in all respects) as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

The contents of The Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different. Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 12 cts. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,

No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

### The Stolen Ruby.

We find in Chambers's London Journal, an account of the mode in which a famous collector of precious stones recovered a stolen ruby. The narrator says:—

I called this morning on a certain well-known gem collector, who was so good as to show to me the contents of his cabinet. After the first half-dozen specimens, my attention began to wander; for a very little of that sort of thing goes a great way with me. "What is that little bottle you keep among your gems?" inquired I.

"That is my Queen Eleanor's Mixture," said he laughing. "But for it, I should not be in possession of yonder ruby, the value of which is over a thousand pounds."

"What?" cried I. "Do you mean to say it is artificial? I thought that that notion of manufacturing gems was a popular superstition."

"So it is," said he; "but, nevertheless, I am indebted to the mixture for that ruby. The fact is this; my collection is too well known by half. I don't mind showing it to an old friend like you, and of course I am proud of all these things; but I have, in a general way, to keep too sharp an eye upon my visitors to make the exhibition pleasant. People whom I know nothing about call upon me, and present a card of some friend of mine, and say: 'Mr. So-and-so assured me you would be so kind as to let me see your gems.' Two men came together upon one occasion with the purpose (as afterwards appeared) of what they called 'putting the jug' on me—that means garrote and robbery; but I did not like their looks, and declined to show them anything without a letter of introduction. They had, as it afterwards turned out, stolen the card of a Professor of Mineralogy. I am not, however, afraid of a single visitor, because I always keep this handy"—and my friend produced a pretty little pistol, cocked, and, I have no doubt, loaded.

"But the bottle," said I; "what is the use of that?"

"That is the supplement to the pistol. Thus, only yesterday, a very ill-looking fellow—a foreigner, all hair and false jewelry; and a very foolish thing of him it was to come to me with paste-diamonds in his shirt-front—brought a letter of introduction with him from a friend of mine at Dresden. The letter was genuine; but I had my doubts, from the first, as to whether this was the gentleman to whom it referred. However, I brought him in here, and showed him the gems. He made some very commonplace observations, which convinced me he knew nothing of the subject, and after thanking me, in a somewhat servile manner, for my courtesy, took up his hat to go. I slipped between him and the door, and locked it in a second. 'My ruby,' said I, 'if you please, or you're a dead man.' And I put the pistol to his forehead. That little stone, which I have said is valued at above a thousand pounds, was missing. Instead of being indignant, my gentleman merely answered: 'Indeed, you are mistaken, sir. You may call your servant, and examine every pocket.'"

"I know that, you scoundrel," returned I. "You have scolded that ruby; now drink this, or die." I held the weapon in one hand, and the mixture, which is an emetic, in the other. The situation was very disagreeable for him, I have no doubt, but did not seem to be at all embarrassing. He shrunk from the pistol (or at least the police station, which was its alternative,) and took the physic like a lamb, while I stood over him with the Weapon and the Bowl (that little white basin yonder,) exactly as Queen Eleanor stood over Fair Rosamond. That's why I call it Eleanor's Mixture—a decoction without which no gem-cabinet, of any value, can be pronounced complete. When I miss a specimen, I always know at once that some visitor has swallowed it, and then, you know, he has to swallow this."

The following dialogue came off at the Whistler House, in Mercer, Pa., the other day: Traveller—"Landlord, have you had any cases of sun-stroke in Mercer?" Landlord—"No, sir; when a man gets drunk here we always say he is drunk, and never call it by any other name."

Near the site of ancient Nineveh, a summer temperature of 140 deg. Fahr., has been experienced, and is the highest temperature authentically recorded.



## Western Editorial Excursion.

Patrick L. Connor, a St. Louis humorist, went on an editorial excursion recently, and thus recorded his experiences:

I used to think I belonged indirectly to the editorial profession myself, but I doubt it now. I dispatched myself to meet the excursionists, and accompany them to the city. From what I saw I incline to the belief that I never will be a successful editor.

There were one hundred and thirty-seven of us, and our progress was like that of a devastating army. Hotel keepers took down their signs and fled in dismay at the approach of such a band of deadbeats. Children cried, "Ma, take in the clothes—here comes the editors." Wherever we went there was a panic before us, and dry bones and famine in our rear. As a body we were a big thing.

Our country cousins are a decidedly queer set, but clever and agreeable withal. At the Southern Hotel, at dinner, one of them called for half a column of soap, three squares of roast beef, and a few paragraphs of vegetables. He used a newspaper for a napkin, and picked his teeth with a lead pencil. Another was introduced to a gentleman of this city who handed him his card. "Do you wish this on our outside or our inside?" asked the editor. "You can eat the darned thing if you like," replied our friend, "but it seems to me I would keep it on my outside."

I asked the editor of the Squashtown Expositor if he would like to go and see the Can-Can.

"How far out of town is it?" said he.

"Out of town! My dear sir, it is in the city—a dance at the theatre."

"Well, now, I declare, I haven't been to a dance for about eight years. I would like to go, but I think I had better go and buy a pair of pumps first."

"Pumps! no. This is a dance in which you can take no part. Only one or two ladies participate."

"They must be mighty selfish," retorted the editor; but gathering himself together, he replied, "All right."

We sat through the first act of "Humpty Dumpty," at the Varieties, at the end of which the accomplished Tassani appeared in the famous Can-Can leap.

"Gracious goodness!" said the knight of the quill and scissors, "she has completely uncrumpled herself, hasn't she?"

"My friend," I remarked, with a cheerful aspect, "do words like these grow spontaneously in your latitude? If they do, send down about a peck to my address. I want them for family use." I continued: "In a few moments we shall see the pretty Coradina Crugi in the Tarentelle."

"Is it possible? How long has she been in that way?"

"It's no use," I said, mentally, speaking to myself, "genius can never lower itself to such commonplace affairs."

Next morning I took my friend to witness a rehearsal of the "Black Crook," and told him he ought to make mention of it in the Expositor. He said he would. Introduced him to the manager, stage manager, leading gentleman, first singing chambermaid, doorkeeper, etc., etc.

"Where are those young ladies that danced last night, and didn't have time to dress?"

The manager informed him that most of them were in the green-room, mending their "Jacob's Ladders."

I never shall forget the expression of countenance worn by the editor of the Expositor. He drew me aside, and looking very much like one who had been to the funeral of a poor uncle, and had his pockets picked at the graveyard, he said, in a voice teeming with emotion,

"Mr. Le Comer, I have left my Bible in my room. I have read that little story about Jacob and his ladder, but upon my soul I have forgotten it. Please tell me what the manager means?"

"Fish," said I, "don't let everybody know you came from Wisconsin. Jacob's ladders are broken threads in the tightness worn by the young ladies of the ballet, running the full length of the leg. These tightness are very costly, and the formation of a Jacob's ladder is very annoying to young ladies who work for very small salaries."

"Let's go," said my editorial friend. We went.

I tried to induce him to buy a ticket in the Paschall House drawing. He went in and inquired the price. Five dollars, he was told.

"Oh, no! you can't play that on me. I've just come from the theatre, and I saw the ten-pin dance and the tar and feathers for seventy-five cents. Think I'm going to pay five dollars to see your old show?"

My friend not having faith in the association, I took a ticket myself.

A boy ran upon the sidewalk, slapped him across his back, and sang out at the top of his dulcet voice, "Black your boots, sir? Shine 'em up."

"Look here, young man, you wouldn't talk to me in that way in Wisconsin; them's not boots, them's gaiters."

I was glad when we arrived at the hotel. Aboard the excursion boat that visited the mouth of the Missouri, I suffered the agonies of torture. How can I forgive or forget the friend of mine, who, when he tasted a glass of champagne, remarked that he did not like whiskey in his soda. And how, when he was taking me to his hotel at night, he complained because I took him up two streets at once. Wanted to know what use the city had for two court houses, and whether his expenses had been paid at two hotels. After occupying two flights of stairs at once, and occupying two beds about an hour, he came down to the clerk and demanded his bill.

"It is already settled," replied the clerk.

"Yes, but I mean the other bill."

"What other bill?"

"I've got two rooms, and am sleeping in two beds. The city only pays for one, and I want to pay for the other."

The clerk told him that was a St. Louis custom, and he retired satisfied.

I had a great deal of fun with our Western brethren. Hope they will come again and bring their knitting.

THE ONLY REASON.—A correspondent, after describing the late eruption of the volcano at the Sandwich Islands, says that the only reason why the lava did not sweep away and the earthquake destroy whole cities and towns with all their inhabitants, was that there were no such towns and cities there. The reason is sufficient, and he is evidently a careful observer.

A young lady who is visiting a country that is rather "difficult" in the matter of fences, informs us that she is not yet acclimatized.

## Worldly Wisdom.

The worldly wise person and the enthusiast are two extremes between which there is a vast interval. There can be no doubt which is the more philosophical of the two beings. The enthusiast is all fire and fury—a true son of thunder and of agitation. He moves in an atmosphere of his own wild conceptions, which bear the same sort of relation to the ordinary notions of his generation that the shepherds' fancies of pastoral romance do to the able-bodied notions of an English country village. The worldly wise man, on the other hand, like the wise virgin in the parable, acts upon a system, and is invariably as wide-awake as Argus. Nor is the system on which he acts by any means as necessarily depraved as the enthusiast's. A great minority, though not perhaps an actual majority, of people who are worldly wise are not purely selfish in their resolutions. They determine virtuously that if ever they do attain to influence by dint of their care and energy, they will surprise and edify mankind by the exemplary way they employ it. Life—they say so to themselves—must be viewed as a whole. It is better to wait and obtain a position of authority in the end than to forfeit all chance of getting the ear of the world by doing something rash in the beginning. It is only after all, the same as bottling up one's triumphs. Hereafter, when one comes to play them, one will play them with all the more effect. A man who conducts the game of life on this principle is by no means the low, sordid animal which persons of a poetical and denunciatory turn sometimes state him to be. He must not be confounded with a trimmer. A trimmer sails upon a similar track, only he has not the same noble resolve that he will try some day or other to use his position and powers for good. But the man who means, as soon as he has climbed to fame and fortune, to make up by his use of them for all the small meanness he has had to practice while he was upon the ladder, is a respectable and worthy person, and it is of materials of this sort that Cabinet Ministers, judges and bishops are not uncommonly made. With the gross form of selfishness which only sees one end—self-advancement—and drives at that end without hesitation or delay, we have nothing of course to do. We are dealing now with that more moral and honorable egotism which wishes both to get on, and to be enabled to do one's duty hereafter when one has got on. This is worldly wisdom *par excellence*. And of this it is intelligible as a theory of life, and that, as the great majority of our fellow-creatures practice it with assiduity, it is to be hoped that they approve of it upon principle.

## Singular Photographs.

A novelty in photography is promised us. Pictures visible only in the dark; portraits that must be taken into the coal-cellar to be admired. There are certain compounds of phosphorus which, after a short exposure to light, retain a certain amount of luminosity for days and even weeks afterwards. The image from the photographer's lens is allowed to fall upon a plate covered with one of these preparations; the light excites the surface to phosphorescence wherever it falls; the shadows of the image produce no effect. When the plate is removed from the camera and brought to the light, nothing is visible upon it; but if carried into utter darkness, the picture develops itself with an unearthly glow, as if it had been drawn with the point of a lucifer match. Curious, but *cui bono*?

A process has recently been patented in England by which the bran of flour after being separated is ground into an impalpable powder, and then again mixed with the flour. In this way all the nutritious ingredients are preserved, while the fineness of the flour is not affected.

The other day a boy of 15 in England was charged with stealing from his employers. The boy had been reading "Paul Clifford," a copy of which was found in his carpet-bag, till he fancied himself a highwayman, and wrote a letter to his immediate superior signed, "Captain Claude." "You know my real name," he writes, "now know me as Captain Claude." He seems to have stolen about £35, and lived for three days at Portland at the rate of £300 a year, spending £1 a day in cab hire, and running up tavern bills for wine. He probably owes his sentence—four years in a reformatory—to Lord Lytton.

In Egypt, where sun-strokes are of frequent occurrence, the Arabs dissolve some salt in water and pour it into the ears of the patient. This almost immediately relieves the sufferer.

Speaking of the failure of the olive crop in Italy, a Western paper remarks that the news is of little interest on this side of the Atlantic, as most of the olive oil used in this country comes from Western hogs.

"Sudden," Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young fellow to a brick batonette; "just give me your hand, if you please!" "Well, go and ask pa."

A horse lately fell into the sea at an English town, and swam about for nineteen hours, and a distance of more than ten miles in a straight line before he was rescued.

## THE MARKETS.

Flour.—There has been rather more inquiry for flour. The week's sales foot up 1,500 bbls, chiefly extra family, at \$9.65; for northwest, \$9.65; for Pennsylvania and Ohio do, including fancy lots at \$12.75; extra at \$9.65, and superfine at \$9.25; as to quality, Rye Flour—700 bbls sold at \$9.25; as to quality, the latter rate.

Grain.—There has been a good demand for wheat. Sales of 30,000 bbls common and strictly prime at \$2.45; 2,500, including some choice at \$2.60; No. 1 and 2 spring at \$1.90; 1,200 bus Tennessee amber at \$2.50, and 3,000 bus Michigan white at \$2.65. Rye—Sales at \$1.60 to \$1.80. Corn—Sales of 30,000 bbls, ranging from \$1.15 for inferior up to \$1.35 for prime yellow. Oats—Sales of 20,000 bus at \$1.00 for Pennsylvania, and \$0.90 for Ohio and New Southern.

Provisions.—The market is slower. Sales of 100,000 lbs of pork at \$23.50; and prime at \$23.75. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy cut smoked hams at 19.50; sides at 17.50; and shoulders at 17.50. Lard—Sales of 100,000 lbs at 19.50; and 100,000 lbs at 19.50. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 23.50; and 100,000 lbs at 23.50. Eggs—Sales at 23.50.

Cotton.—The market is unsettled. Sales of 700 bales at 23.50; for Middling Uplands, and 300 bales at 23.50 for New Orleans.

Wool.—Fleece is held firmly. Sales of No. 1 Foundation at \$1.00 and No. 2 at \$0.75 to \$1.00. Scotch Fleece has advanced. Manufactured iron commands \$25.00 for the ton.

Needs.—Sales of 300 bus Cloverseed at \$8.50 to \$9.00. We quote Timothy at \$2.50, and Flaxseed at \$2.50 to \$3.00.

Philadelphia Cattle Markets.

The supply of beef cattle during the past week amounted to about 1,000 head. The prices realized from \$2.10 to \$2.50. Cows brought from \$1.50 to \$2.00. Sheep—Sales of 1,000 head were disposed of at from \$3.00 to \$3.50. Hogs sold at from \$1.50 to \$1.75 per 100 lbs.

## Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.  
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.  
\$2.00 Payment is required in advance.

Onward—Opposition to—Presbyterianism Hutchinson is the name of the son of a Hardshell Baptist in West Ely, Marion Co., Missouri.

## MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. M. D. Rorer, Mr. John P. Meyers to Miss Ida C. Watson, both of this city.

On the 20th of July, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, M. D., Mr. John Robertson to Miss Ella Chambers, daughter of John H. Chambers, Esq., both of this city.

On the 2d of July, by the Rev. Thos. C. Murphy, D. D., Mr. Albert A. Rutter to Miss Julia H. Fry, daughter of Major Daniel Fry, Esq., both of this city.

On the 21st of March, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. Albert D. Shaw to Miss Minnie Hollworth, both of this city.

On the 11th of May, by the Rev. Saml. Durbin, Mr. Edwin W. Davis to Miss Josephine Wood, both of this city.

On the 20th of July, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. Samuel Gardner to Miss Emma V. Coffman, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At his late residence in Clementon, N. J., on the 27th of July, Isaac Tomlinson, aged 50 years.

On the 10th instant, Catharine Wallace, aged 41 years.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. Elizabeth Stewart, in her 84th year.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. Sarah A. Haywood, in her 2d year.

On the 2d instant, Dr. Jesse Coates, in his 73d year.

On the 2d instant, Mary, widow of the late John T. Smith, in her 68th year.

On the 2d instant, Robert Ferguson, Jr., in his 30th year.

On the 1st instant, Rachel, relict of the late Jas. T. Smith, in her 73d year.

On the 1st instant, Henry Harrington, in his 35th year.

(Established 1861.)

## THE GREAT AMERICAN Tea Company

Receive their Tea by the cargo from the best Tea plantations of China and Japan, and sell them in quantities to suit customers.

## AT CARGO PRICES.

## CLUB ORDERS PROMPTLY SUPPLIED

## PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

GOULON (Black), 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1,000, 1,100, 1,200, 1,300, 1,400, 1,500, 1,600, 1,700, 1,800, 1,900, 2,000, 2,100, 2,200, 2,300, 2,400, 2,500, 2,600, 2,700, 2,800, 2,900, 3,000, 3,100, 3,200, 3,300, 3,400, 3,500, 3,600, 3,700, 3,800, 3,900, 4,000, 4,100, 4,200, 4,300, 4,400, 4,500, 4,600, 4,700, 4,800, 4,900, 5,000, 5,100, 5,200, 5,300, 5,400, 5,500, 5,600, 5,700, 5,800, 5,900, 6,000, 6,100, 6,200, 6,300, 6,400, 6,500, 6,600, 6,700, 6,800, 6,900, 7,000, 7,100, 7,200, 7,300, 7,400, 7,500, 7,600, 7,700, 7,800, 7,900, 8,000, 8,100, 8,200, 8,300, 8,400, 8,500, 8,600, 8,700, 8,800, 8,900, 9,000, 9,100, 9,200, 9,300, 9,400, 9,500, 9,600, 9,700, 9,800, 9,900, 10,000, 10,100, 10,200, 10,300, 10,400, 10,500, 10,600, 10,700, 10,800, 10,900, 11,000, 11,100, 11,200, 11,300, 11,400, 11,500, 11,600, 11,700, 11,800, 11,900, 12,000, 12,100, 12,200, 12,300, 12,400, 12,500, 12,600, 12,700, 12,800, 12,900, 13,000, 13,100, 13,200, 13,300, 13,400, 13,500, 13,600, 13,700, 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## WIT AND HUMOR.

## What He Thought.

A few days since, says a Michigan paper, a specimen of humanity, chuck full of fashionable drink, took a seat in the express train at Jackson and quietly awaited the advent of the conductor, who appeared on time, and relieved the traveler's hat of his ticket without any remarks. On his return the traveler buttonholed him and inquired:

"Conductor, how far is it to Tolson?"  
"Twenty miles."  
"That's what I thought."  
At the next station the traveler stopped him, and again inquired—  
"Conductor, how far to Manchester?"  
"Twenty miles."  
"That's what I thought."  
At Manchester the traveler stopped him the third time, and said—  
"Conductor, how far to Tecumseh?"  
"Twenty miles."  
"That's what I thought."

As the train left Tecumseh, the traveler exhausted the patience of the conductor, and the following dialogue explains the result:—

"Conductor, how far to Adrin?"  
The conductor threw himself upon his dignity, and remarked—  
"See here, my friend, do you take me for a fool?"  
The traveler "stuck to his text," and very coolly remarked—  
"That's what I thought."  
The conductor joined the passengers in a hearty laugh, and concluded to allow his passenger to tho't as he pleased.

## A Samaritan.

Old Tom Telford, the plasterer, of Cincinnati, was terribly addicted to his cups, and gave his family much trouble. He would get drunk all over, and at times had to be carried home, in a helpless condition, by some considerate neighbor. Once he was picked up by one of the roughs of the place, who, aside from a coarse manner, was very kind-hearted. But his patience gave out before he had got far with his insensible burden, and laying him down as he grew fatigued, he would refresh himself by kicking the victim of appetite as he lay before him, with a remark that was not pious, and then taking him up he would trudge on again, till, fatigued, the kicking would be resumed. At last the kicks had the effect of rousing the drunken man, who, sobered under the infliction, walked home tolerably straight. Our friend, the next day, was met by the minister of the parish, a grave man, who alluded to the fact that he had seen him carrying home the tipsy plasterer, and said he was acting the part of a Good Samaritan. "I don't know about that," said the rough man; "I guess he'd say I was a blamed bad Samaritan, for I used up a good pair of boots in kicking him sober."

## Borrowing.

The man who agrees with everything you say, and laughs at every remark you make, is like a friendly dog—he expects a bone at some future time.

The man that flatters you to your face will ask you to lend him a dollar in a short time.

If a person tells you that you are the most sensible man he ever saw, mark it, he will shortly ask you to do him a favor—say \$5. That is the kind of cents he means.

When a man tells you that your horses are the best in the country, he means to borrow one of them, and a saddle thrown in.

Some men learn how to borrow anything, but they are awful dull in learning how to bring back. However, a person is not expected to know too much at once—it takes a strong mind to understand geometry and theology at the same time.

A borrower thinks it is about as easy for you to come after anything as it was for him to go after it. This is "free and easy" philosophy—especially free.

A man that would borrow your cigar wouldn't object to taking your breath to smoke it with.

## Pungent.

Did you ever hear the story of the Irish man and the horse-radish?

"No, how was it?"

"Well, seeing a dish of grated horse-radish on the table where they had stopped for dinner, each helped himself largely to the sauce, supposing it to be eaten as potato or squash; and the first, putting a knife into his mouth, jerked his handkerchief from his trousers and commenced wiping his eyes."

"What troubles yer, Jemmy?" inquired his comrade.

"Sure, and I was thinkin' of my poor old father's death when he was hung," he replied, shrewdly.

Presently the other, taking as greedily of the pungent vegetable, had a sudden eye for the handkerchief, whereat Jemmy as coolly inquired:

"And what troubles yer, Pat?"

"Truth," he replied, "that you wasn't hung with yer father."

## Never Took the Oath.

At Richmond, Virginia, a modest country girl, on applying for rations to one of the relief agents, was asked if she had ever taken the oath. "No, indeed, sir," was the terrified reply. "I never swore in all my life." "But you must take the oath, my good girl," said the agent, "or I cannot give you the rations." "No, indeed, I can't, sir," said the girl, "mother always taught me never to swear." The agent mildly persisted and the maiden as pertinaciously refused all attempts at persuasion, until, overcome at last by the dreadful conflict between necessity and her high sense of moral duty, she stammered out, with downcast lids, "Well, sir, if you make me do such a horrid, wicked thing, then d—n the Yankees!"

## A Future State.

"Miss Nippers, do you believe in a future state?" asked Rev. Mr. Seckwell, at the sewing circle gathered at the South End the other night, as the two sat in the corner. Miss N. having just finished an embroidered flannel waistcoat to be sent to the Barefoot Indians in the far off Lower Down Islands.

"Dear me! Mr. Seckwell, how can you suppose I believe in anything else? I wouldn't live a single woman all my life for the whole world!" was the innocent reply.

Mr. Seckwell was observed to squeeze her right hand very decidedly, and immediately suggested a benediction to the society. Miss Nippers didn't have to go home alone that night—not very much.



DABBLING.

MASTER JACK (to very refined governess, who has suddenly appeared).—"Oh, Miss Finnikin, do come in; it's so awfully jolly!"

## Matronly Beauty.

Without doubt it is a time of trial to all women, more or less painful according to individual disposition, when they first begin to grow old and lose their good looks. Youth and beauty make up so much of their personal value, so much of their natural *raison d'être*, that when these are gone many feel as if their whole career was at an end, and as if nothing was left to them now that they are no longer young enough to be loved as girls are loved, or pretty enough to be admired as once they were admired. For women of a certain position have so little wholesome occupation, and so little ambition for anything, save indeed that miserable thing called "getting on in society," that they cannot change their way of life with advancing years; they do not attempt to find interest in things outside of themselves, and independent of the mere personal attractiveness which in youth constituted their whole pleasure of existence. This is essentially the case with fashionable women, who have staked their all on appearance, and to whom good looks are of more account than noble deeds; and, accordingly, the struggle to remain young is a frantic one with them, and as degrading as it is frantic. With the ideal woman of middle age—that pleasant woman, with her happy face and softened manner, who unites the charms of both epochs, retaining the ready responsiveness of youth while adding the wider sympathies of experience—with her there has never been any such struggle to make herself an anachronism. Consequently she remains beautiful to the last, far more beautiful than all the pastes and washes in Madame Rachel's shop could make her. Sometimes, if rarely in these latter days, we meet her in society, where she carries with her an atmosphere of her own—an atmosphere of honest, wholesome truth and love, which makes every one who enters it better and purer for the time. All children and all young persons love her, because she understands and loves them. For she is essentially a mother—that is, a woman who can forget herself, who can give without asking to receive, and who, without losing any of the individualism which belongs to self-respect, can yet live for and in the lives of others, and find her best joy in the well-being of those about her. There is no servility, no exaggerated sacrifice in this; it is simply the fulfillment of woman's highest duty—the expression of that grand maternal instinct which need not necessarily include the fact of personal maternity, but which must find utterance in some line of unselfish action with all women worthy of the name.

The ideal woman of middle age understands the young because she has lived with them. If a mother, she has performed her maternal duties with cheerfulness and love. There has been no giving up her nursery to the care of a hired servant who is expected to do for twenty pounds a year what the tremendous instinct of a mother's love could not find strength to do. When she had children, she attended to them in great part herself, and learnt all about their tempers, their maladies, and the best methods of management; as they grew up she was still the best friend they had, the Providence of their young lives who gave them both care and justice, both love and guidance. Such a manner of life has forced her to forget herself. When her child lay ill, perhaps dying, she had no heart and no time to think of her own appearance, and whether this dressing gown was more becoming than that; and what did the doctor think of her with her hair pushed back from her face; and what a fright she must have looked in the morning light after her sleepless night of watching. The world and all its petty pleasures and paltry pains faded away in the presence of the stern tragedy of the hour; and not the finest ball of the season seemed to be worth a thought compared to the all-absorbing question of whether her child slept after his draught, and whether he ate his food with better appetite. And such a life, in spite of all its care, has kept her young as well as unselfish; we should rather say, young because unselfish. As she comes into the room with her daughters, her dress picturesque or fashionable according to her taste, but decent in form and consistent in tone with her age, let it often register that she looks more like their sister than their mother. This is because she is in harmony with her age, and has not therefore put herself in rivalry with them; and harmony is the very keystone of beauty. Her hair may be streaked with white, the girlish firmness and transparency of her skin has gone, the pearly clearness of her eye is clouded, and the slender grace of line is lost, but for all that she is beautiful, and she is intrinsically young. What she has lost is outside material charm—in that mere *beau idéal* of youth—she has gained in character and expression; and, not attempting to simulate the attractiveness of a girl, she keeps what nature gave her—the attractiveness of middle age. And as every

epoch has its own beauty, if woman would but learn that truth, she is as beautiful now as a maiden of fifty, because in harmony with her years, and because her beauty has been carried on from matter to spirit, as she was when a maiden of sixteen. This is the ideal woman of middle age, met with even yet at times in society—the woman whom all men respect, whom all women envy, and wonder how she does it, and whom all the young adore, and wish they had for an elder sister or an aunt. And the secret of all of it lies in truth, in love, in purity, and in unselfishness.

## Encounter With a Tiger.

The following exciting description of an encounter with a black tiger is from an article upon Lake Nicaragua, in the Temple Bar, an English magazine:

One night, after I had been six months on the island, I was seated by the fire, waiting for the plantains that were boiling in a pot. Joachim was not in the hut, and I was expecting him home to supper.

Suddenly I heard his shout outside, and the next instant he dashed into the hut, banged the door to, and threw the heavy bar across it. Just as he fixed it, and, panting, leaned his shoulder against the stout wood as an additional support, a shock, so heavy that the whole hut quivered, made the door bend. Another followed—then all was still.

I sprang up at the first sight of Joachim, but the scene passed so quickly that no word had been spoken as yet. But when, after the second blow on the door, the attempt seemed to be abandoned on that side, I took the native by the shoulder and shook him, for he seemed wild with fear.

"Hullo, man!" I said, "what is this?" His appearance was ghastly. The old Guatemala jacket he wore, his leather breeches, even his boots of alligator hide, were ripped and cut by the thorns of the acacias. His face streamed with blood from many deep scratches, and perspiration drenched his long, ragged hair.

"A black tiger," he whispered; "it has chased me across the savannah, for my horse was tired out. It is after me. Oh, listen!"

Then, in the silence, while we held our breath and Joachim strained my hand towards and forwards, I heard the hard snoring of a tiger just outside the door. No doubt of it! The beast had singled Joachim out, and let the horse go free.

While we listened, the direction of the sound moved about, now up and now down, accompanied by taps upon the door, as if the animal was resting his paws against it, as he reared himself on his hind legs.

At length we heard the sound of scratching, and I drew my machete. In a few seconds a black paw, armed with terrible crooked claws, was seen working on our side the door. I gave a downward cut, but nearly severed it, and the animal, roaring savagely, threw himself against the wood, again and again, in rage.

Then another pause followed. Very soon a noise upon the roof showed, as we had expected, that the enemy was directing his attack to that direction, and I got my old gun ready. As soon as I saw the animal's head, I fired, and wounded him, no doubt, for he rolled from the roof, and we heard him fall heavily. Again and again he returned to the attempt, and every time I caught a glimpse of his black and shining skin I fired.

His roaring was terrible to hear, and Joachim, who never had courage to spare, sat on the floor in a corner, striving to close his ears to the sound. All night the struggle lasted at intervals, and every crack of the but was tried by this untiring foe. He dashed upon the door, he bounded upon the roof, scratching the thatch away, but ever discomfited by my fire; he tried the walls and the floor again and again. It was an awful night, that's the fact; and I, for my part, did not recover from the nervous strain for months.

With the dawn the tiger's efforts became fainter, and at length ceased wholly. When the sun rose I took my gun and sallied out to meet the creature in fair fight. I followed his trail for a mile or more, easily guided by the clouds of blood which stained the grass and rocks. He was wounded to the death, I plainly saw. And at last I found him dead beside the body of Joachim's horse, which he must have destroyed in the very last effort of his rage, dying in the act.

The smoke from the late extinctible volcano in the Sandwich Islands floated off in a line of one thousand miles across the sea; and so thick and dense was it five hundred miles from Hawaii, that Capt. Stone, of the brig Kamehameha, V., was unable to take an observation.

During a series of wet days, a gentleman ventured to congratulate his umbrella maker. "Yes, that's all very well, sir," he replied; "but then there's nothing whatever doing in parasols."

## AGRICULTURAL.

## Cotton Seed Meal.

At a recent meeting of the Newbury (England) Farmer's Club, Dr. Palmer, who had long given the subject the most careful study, collecting facts and statistics bearing upon the production and uses of cotton and cotton seeds, read a paper which is reported in The Farmer's Magazine, containing much valuable information, which may be of interest to the many consumers of this article in this country.

It appears that the Chinese have for centuries economized the seed and used it for feeding purposes, having first pressed out the oil for burning. The cake left in this process, has been fed to cattle which were being fattened, and also for manure. Large oil mills are established in various parts of the empire, the immense stone wheels employed in grinding being worked by bullocks, in some mills as many as fifty being constantly kept at work. The cotton fibre is carefully separated before the meal is used for feed. Cotton was introduced there as early as the ninth century.

The early importations into England of the cake, were in a half spoiled condition when given to animals, but when it has been used in a sound and fresh condition, it has given results highly satisfactory. Dr. Palmer says: "Decorticated cotton cake contains a very high and much larger percentage of flesh forming matter than linseed cake. This suggests that it may be given with great advantage to young stock and dairy cows. As by far the largest proportion of nitrogen of food passes away with the excrement of animals, the dung produced by stock fed upon cotton cake, will be found particularly valuable. Cotton seed contains a considerable quantity of the earthy phosphates, such as the phosphate of magnesia, lime, potash, and other sorts of potash; even for the purpose of supplying bone material to the animals, it is necessarily a valuable food. Decorticated cotton cake and oil meal, in comparison with all other kinds of artificial food, are decidedly cheaper feeding materials, and will be long found that favor that a really valuable and cheap article is sure to command. In 1866 there were imported from France and Belgium, 16,000 tons of cotton cake valued at \$415,005."

It should be borne in mind that if cotton seed meal, from which the fibre has not been cleared, is kept a long time in a damp place, and in considerable bulk, a kind of mould or fungoid growth collects in it, when it is wholly unfit to feed out, as it appears to be poisonous to stock, and the few cases of ill effects that have followed from the use of this article, are traced to this source, and to the use of cake, from which the fibre and the hull have not been removed. Dr. Voelcker, as quoted by Dr. Palmer, says: "In the course of my experience, I must have had not less than fifty so called poisoning cases, which were due to the coarse husk in the whole seed cake, or to the injudicious manner in which the cake was given to sheep and cattle." No instance has been found or recorded in England, in which the judicious feeding of properly prepared cotton seed meal has been attended with ill results. The fatal results have been due to the kind of *poisoning of hogs and fowls*.

The Chinese, a thoroughly observing and practical people, long since found that it wouldn't do to feed cotton fibre mixed up with the hulls, to stock, and they had processes, as we have now, of separating these substances from the seed and the meal. In the few cases of animals that have died in England, the presence of cotton fibre in the manures and masses of husk and fibre commingled, have constantly been found. But notwithstanding the few cases of this kind recorded, the imports of cotton cake from the continent and from the United States, are rapidly and largely increasing, and the consumption as a feeding substance for stock, is rapidly increasing.

After the reading of the paper referred to, Mr. S. Wentworth said he had used cotton cake to a large extent, and it had always answered his purpose. He had never found any ill effects from its use. If used moderately, it was a good and valuable commodity. The demand for it had much increased. At first it could be bought for £5 10s. per ton, but now it was £7 10s., and he had no doubt the price of decorticated cotton cake would go as high as £9 10s. per ton.

In some parts of the world, as in the Levant, the seeds of cotton are eaten as human food, and this would seem to show that it contained highly nutritious qualities. Other speakers took part in the discussion, concurring in opinion that defective mechanical condition, arising from imperfect modes of preparation, was the only drawback to its use.

The conclusion was that it was a most valuable feeding substance, the cheapest, at the present time, in the market, and this agrees with the opinions of practical feeders in this country.

## THE RIDDLES.

## Enigma.

I am composed of 21 letters.  
My 3, 14, 16, 4, 8, 13, 16, 17, 21, 15, 1, is a Scottish poet.  
My 5, 7, 15, 2, 30, 18, 9, 8, 4, 6, is an influential Wall street operator.  
My 7, 5, 30, 18, 7, 2, 9, 4, 3, 2, 1, 13, 14, 8, 2, is a noted actress.  
My 16, 7, 11, 7, 8, 5, 12, 7, 11, 18, 14, 21, is an American author and traveller.  
My 18, 14, 8, 5, 16, 11, 3, 14, 15, is an eminent English poet.  
My 16, 4, 15, 16, 17, 13, 10, 20, 21, is a prominent member of Congress.  
My whole is an English novelist of renown.  
A. L. ROCKY.

## Arithmetical Question.

A butcher bought a number of oxen, and paid \$7,665. If the cost of per ox, in dollars, were added to the number of oxen, the sum would be 386. What number did he buy, and at what price?

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

127 An answer is requested.

## Mathematical Problem.

A wooden sphere, whose specific gravity is 784, floats in water with its centre 2 inches below the surface. Required the diameter of the sphere.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

127 An answer is requested.

## Conundrums.

127 Why is a poor singer like a counterfeiter? Ans.—Because he is an utterer of bad notes.

127 Why are ugly people apparently never in good health? Ans.—Because they are always more or less ill-looking.

127 Where is the finest peal of bells to be found at this season? Ans.—At the seashore, just before bathing, there is the finest peal of bells.

127 Who is the prime minister of England? Ans.—He who eschews long sermons in hot weather.

## Answers to Last.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion." RIDDLE—The letter O.

## RECEIPTS.

ALMOND CUSTARD CAKE.—Four eggs separated, four tablespoonfuls of white sugar, one pound of almonds blanched and cut fine, one pint of sour cream; flavor with extract of vanilla; put in the whites of the eggs last. Mix as thick as sponge-cake batter, and put between layers of cake as for jelly cake.

TINCTURE OF ROSES.—Take the leaves of the common rose (centifolia) and place, without pressing them, in a common bottle; pour some good spirits of wine upon them, close the bottle, and let it stand till required for use. This tincture will keep for years, and yield a perfume little inferior to attar of roses; a few drops of it will suffice to impregnate the atmosphere of a room with a delicious odor. Common vinegar is greatly improved by a very small quantity being added to it.

TO PRESERVE PURPLE PLUMS.—Make a syrup of clean brown sugar; clarify it; when perfectly clear and boiling hot, pour it over the plums, having picked out all un-sound ones and stems; let them remain in the syrup two days, then drain it off, make it boiling hot, skim it, and pour it over again; let them remain another day or two, then put them in a preserving-kettle over the fire, and simmer gently until the syrup is reduced, and thick or rich. One pound of sugar for each pound of plums.

COOKIES.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, three eggs, nearly one-fourth teaspoon of saleratus, dissolved in a very little water; nutmeg to your taste; roll very soft.

STEAMED BREAD.—Two cups of Indian meal, one cup of flour, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, a little over a cupful of sour milk, and the same of sweet; nearly a teaspoon of saleratus. Steam an hour and a quarter, and bake a quarter of an hour. Eat it warm.

HOW TO WASH LACE CURTAINS.—I have taken down the parlor lace curtains, intending to wash them and do them up again. I always attend to this matter myself, as they are quite handsome, and I do not like to risk having them torn. The judgment of help is not to be relied on in such things, and the meshes of the lace may be easily torn through a little hard rubbing or too careless wringing. We have always been in the habit of soaking the curtains for two or three days previous to washing—changing the water (which should be warm) every day. It is astonishing how much of the dirt and yellow will be removed in this way, making it almost unnecessary to rub them much at the final washing. After coming from the boiling and bluing, they will be beautifully clean and white. I find a wringer indispensable for curtains, as it preserves the lace from breaking, and makes the starching process so much easier and smoother in result. Many persons who have lace curtains for the first time are quite at a loss as to the proper way of getting them up when they become dirty, and many are the ludicrous attempts to iron them in the same way we iron those made of muslin. Of course the lace stretches entirely out of shape, and the work is abandoned in disgust. The proper way to finish them after starching is this: Prepare a large spare room by removing all the furniture, and sweeping and dusting the carpet very carefully. Spread the curtains one by one smoothly and evenly over the floor, and when all are done, lock the door and let them remain for a day or two, or until dry. They will then be ready to hang again in the parlors. Some persons pin them to the carpet, but I prefer to merely spread them. If there is danger of the floor or carpet soiling them, clean sheets may be laid down first, but I have never myself found this precaution necessary.—*Aunt Hattie, in American Agriculturist.*

RASPBERRY FOOL.—Put your fruit for a quarter of an hour into an oven; when tender, pulp it through a sieve, sugar it, add the crumb of sufficient sponge-cake to thicken it; put it into a glass mold, or into custard-cups, and lay some thick cream on the top. If for immediate use, the cream may be beaten up with the fruit.